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FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE hope to which we clung last week, that the speech of M. Rouher on the 5th of December might possibly have exaggerated the instructions of the Emperor, cannot now be said to exist any longer. Since then it has been so repeatedly and authoritatively affirmed that the Minister of State said nothing more than he had been directed to say, that we have no choice left but to conclude that the Emperor is resolved to cancel the great debt of Italy to him and his army by one supreme act of opposition and enmity. It is now certain that Napoleon III. has determined to maintain the temporal power at Rome as long as he lives, and thus prevent the completion of Italian unity, which at the same time he professes to respect. How far he may be compelled by the pressure of circumstances to abandon or to modify that determination remains to be seen; but for the present it is evident that the Emperor is determined to prop up the infirm chair of St. Peter with all the force at his command. Had the Conference met, it would have been excluded from debating to any purpose the very question at issue between Italy and the Papacy. It might have potted over a few details, but it could not have gone to the heart of the matter. A diplomatic council under these conditions would have been a mockery, and we are not surprised to learn that the Great Powers have refused to be parties to any such arrangement. The semi-official *Constitutionnel*, however, does not see matters in this light. It cannot understand how the declaration of M. Rouher should prevent a deliberation of the European Powers, seeing that that declaration only "confirms the policy followed by the Emperor for nineteen years." M. de Limayrac, the writer of the article in question, argues that no one could suppose that the representatives of the courts of Europe would, in spite of treaties, depose a legitimate sovereign, or, on the other hand, destroy Italian unity, after the experience of the last seven years. Consequently, we are told, there could have been no question, even before the 5th of December, either of despoiling the Pope or of upsetting Italy. This is plausible enough, and it cannot be doubted that the idea of a Conference was never a very good one, since the claims of the two parties chiefly interested were antagonistic and inflexible, and it was hardly probable that any middle way could have been discovered which would have had a chance of enduring as a permanent settlement. But when the Power calling the Conference anticipates any and every decision by a plain intimation that by its own will and pleasure a certain state of things shall continue in perpetuity, and be supported by arms if necessary, it is clear that the functions of diplomacy are at an end. Doubtless, the Conference was as little likely to decree the "dethronement" of the Pope as to provide for the partitioning of Italy; but though, as we have said, the Powers would probably have been unequal to making any permanent settlement, they might, by a bare possibility, have prepared the way for the only settlement which can ever satisfy the deeply seated aspirations of the Italian people. It is conceivable that Italy and the Papacy might, by the mediation of disinterested parties, have been brought so far to understand one another that at some future day the ecclesiastical sovereignty should merge in the national, and the spiritual power be left to its natural protectors—the people among whom

its seat is fixed. But the declarations of M. Rouher—which we are now told express with literal exactness the ideas of the Emperor—raise an impassable barrier against any such gradual merging of the antagonistic elements. "Italy," says the Emperor, "shall never have Rome." The reply of Italy is that she will have it sooner or later. Out of the six Great Powers, three—England, Prussia, and Russia—are very willing that she should have it at once. Many of the smaller Powers are equally well disposed, and France could perhaps hardly count upon a single cordial ally except Spain, for the Austria of to-day is doubtful. Are these materials out of which to concoct a satisfactory Conference? M. de Limayrac, however, thinks that the mission of the Conference ought to be "to establish a *modus vivendi* which would level the barriers between the two States, enhance their mutual interests, and put aside any pretext for further conflicts." The programme is not very clear; but it certainly falls short of the requirements of the case.

For the present, then, the question pauses, and the claims of Italy are in abeyance; but they are simply relegated to a more convenient season, not renounced, and they will acquire a greater force, a more obvious cogency, with the lapse of time. It is certainly not essential to the national existence that Rome should be immediately obtained. The two great mistakes of Garibaldi and his party are in imagining that, unless Italy is at once proclaimed from the Capitol, she will collapse and die, and in believing that Rome can be taken in the very teeth of France. We are glad to find that the country generally does not share in these delusions, and that many even of the extreme party are beginning to perceive that something may be done much wiser than hurling a few devoted but ill-organized youths against the ranks of regular armies, perpetually shouting "Rome or death!" and bringing the kingdom into collision with France. No doubt it is an abnormal and mischievous state of things that there should be two rival sovereignties in one country; that the smaller of these should be the inveterate enemy of the national life, and that it should be so situated as to cut the larger part of the country into distinct halves. But the difficulties thus presented to the Italian people will serve to exercise them in the task of government. They have yet much to learn, and they cannot do better than set about the work of organizing their chaotic community. The various provinces of the kingdom are far from that degree of amalgamation which is necessary to the existence of a powerful kingdom; and it is questionable whether the immediate introduction of the Roman provinces, peopled by a race enervated by centuries of priestly rule, ignorant, superstitious, violent, and pusillanimous, would not add another to the many difficulties of Italian statesmen. Italy has got, so to speak, to digest Naples before she will be in a fit condition to assimilate the States of the Church. We do not wish to be understood as adopting the exaggerations of the reactionary party, who assert that the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies is radically disaffected towards its new rulers. But it is undoubtedly true that a good deal of discontent prevails among certain circles in the South, and that the indolent, passionate, voluptuous, and semi-Asiatic population of that part of Italy requires to be educated in the ways of freedom and the habits of self-respect. The whole country, indeed, stands in need of careful nurture, and the national resources might be developed by a state of peace and

security to an extent which has not hitherto been seen. Let Italy take advantage of this enforced pause in the development of her unity to reduce her debt, to increase her commerce, to reform her system of taxation, to establish free trade, to push forward railways and works of irrigation, to enlarge her electoral bases, to break down the old childish feelings of provincial rivalry, to reorganize her army, and, above all things, to educate her population. These ends can be as well advanced from Florence as from Rome, though we are not forgetful of the claims of the old Imperial City to a certain unanimity of homage which no other place in Italy could dream of commanding, and which all would willingly pay to her. It is not likely that any party will forget or forego one tittle of the national claims. Those claims were placed formally on record between six and seven years since, and the present debates in the Florence Chambers will serve to reiterate the determination of the Italian people not to change their fixed resolution at the bidding of a foreign Power. But General Menabrea, while speaking as emphatically on this point as the most excited Garibaldian, bade the country consider how undignified it is to be constantly reasserting a determination which for the present cannot be carried out. The Italian army is utterly unable to cope with that of France; the money resources of Italy are poor indeed compared with the riches of her neighbour. The army, however, is being rapidly supplied with arms of precision, so that if, unhappily, war should break out between France and Prussia, and Italy should consider her time had come for making a bold stroke, she will not be altogether unprepared. In the meanwhile, patience is the safest course to adopt. General Menabrea reserves to himself the right of determining at some future time whether the September Convention shall be declared null and void, or whether a demand shall be made for the modification of that unlucky treaty. First of all, he said, it was necessary to obtain the evacuation of the Roman territory by the French; and this seems to be the general feeling of the Chambers. Among the most hopeful features of the debates is the fact that Signor Civinini, recently one of the most extreme of the Left or Democratic section, and Signor Crispi, a well-known Garibaldian, spoke energetically against the recent expeditions to Rome, and showed that such enterprises were in the highest degree unadvisable and dangerous. The former said that the Garibaldian system of irregular efforts must cease; that all infractions of constituted authority were objectionable; that Rome must in the end become the capital of Italy, but that the possession of the Eternal City at the present moment is not essential to Italian unity; and that the first thing necessary is the improvement of the administration and finances of the country. The latter affirmed that he was not favourable to the recent enterprise; that he conjured the Rattazzi Ministry to prevent its taking place; and that Rattazzi up to the last moment opposed the attempt as far as he was able. Rattazzi himself spoke on Wednesday. He said they must be "prompt to try an opportune moment for gaining Rome;" but he denied that the moment *was* opportune when Garibaldi took the field. With all these opinions against him, it is to be hoped that the popular hero will abstain from inciting his countrymen to insane adventures, which are equivalent to driving Italy upon the sword of France.

THE FENIAN OUTRAGE.

THE Fenian conspirators are determined that no doubt shall rest upon their character, designs, or mode of action. If any one was foolish enough to be deluded into a sentimental sympathy with them, as being in some rough way the representatives of Irish discontent, and the sincere but mistaken exponents of Irish patriotism, he must have been thoroughly undeceived by the events of the last week. No one—even amongst those who were foremost in extenuating the attack upon the Manchester police-van—has ventured to palliate the atrocious outrage in Clerkenwell as a political offence. Whatever may have been its object, and upon that point there can be no reasonable doubt, the most ordinary feelings of humanity revolt at the recklessness of human life and suffering—the merciless pursuit of one purpose without reference to consequences—which is displayed in the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in the midst of a crowded neighbourhood. Even if we were to admit the ridiculous claim of the Fenians to be considered and treated as belligerents fighting against the English Government, that would not diminish by one iota the gravity of their crime. Whatever police-constable Brett may have been, the unfortunate and unoffending women and children who were the painful sufferers by this explosion, were certainly not combatants in the war between the

British Empire and the Irish Republic. The massacre of such persons in the course of regular military operations would cover with the deepest ignominy any commander who was guilty of it; and universal execration must follow the wretched fanatics who could coolly involve a whole district in ruin on the chance that in the confusion certain to arise a couple of their associates might effect their escape from lawful confinement. It is not, however, necessary to argue this part of the subject, or to give further expression to the indignation which has already found vent through so many channels. No one can be surprised at the vehemence of that indignation, or at the stern conviction which has taken hold on the public mind, that mercy can have no further place in our dealings with Fenians who may henceforth be convicted of offences against life or property. The attack upon the House of Detention has been followed by other crimes, which, although not of so deep a dye, are perhaps even more significant of the character of the men by whom they were perpetrated, and with whom society now finds itself face to face. Monstrous as must be the political fanaticism which could delude any one into the notion that he was justified in blowing up forty or fifty houses with their inhabitants in order to release Burke and Casey, it is certainly possible to conceive such a perversion of moral sense under the influence of blind political or religious passion. But it is impossible to explain on any theory of this kind the attempts which have been made in at least three instances to set fire to private houses or warehouses. There is, indeed, no positive proof that these attempts were made by Fenians, but this is open to little doubt when we consider the means employed, the threats by which these offences have been preceded, and the declared opinions of the Government, which we must for the present assume to be based on ample information. Now, incendiarism practised indiscriminately against the property of individuals is and can be nothing but mere savagery. It can only spring from a wild desire to do mischief, and spread injury broadcast. No one can suppose that it can have any political effect or influence. It may, indeed it materially does, excite general alarm to know that we have amongst us some hundreds or thousands of a secret confederacy, who are constantly watching for an opportunity to injure and damage her Majesty's subjects. That feeling of individual security which we have so long enjoyed, and of which we have been accustomed to boast with justifiable pride, may be banished for a time; but annoying and irritating as this may be, it will certainly not induce the people of England to consent to the dismemberment of the empire. Foolish as the Fenians are, they cannot imagine that firing a house or shooting a policeman here and there, will bring them a step nearer the accomplishment of their designs, or will have any other effect than that of uniting all Englishmen and loyal Irishmen in the energetic defence of law and order.

There is indeed one way, and only one way, in which such acts might serve the purpose of the conspirators. If Englishmen, under the influence of panic or resentment, should confound the innocent with the guilty, and visit upon Irishmen in general the crimes of a few of their body, then indeed they may raise this troublesome, but in point of numbers limited combination, to the dignity and dimensions of a national movement. The great danger that we have to guard against at the present moment is the rise in England of a spirit of hostility and animosity towards Ireland and Irishmen. Already we hear rumours that Irishmen have been dismissed from their employment in various places; and there is reason to fear that the sort of chronic and smouldering animosity (arising out of questions connected with wages) which exists between the lower class of Irish and English labourers in our great towns, may be fanned into open and active hostility. Even amongst the middle classes the tone of conversation in reference to the sister island is by no means of a satisfactory kind; although at the same time we gladly acknowledge that a great and rapid improvement in this respect has taken place, even in the short time that we have yet had to recover our temper and self-possession. Still the danger is by no means past; nor can it be averted except by the strenuous efforts of those who possess any influence on public opinion on either side of the Channel, to prevent the quarrel between the Fenians and the British Government expanding into a permanent rupture between Englishmen and Irishmen. It is not only impolitic, but it is utterly unjust to confound Irishmen with Fenians. In spite of all their boasts, we are convinced that the latter are but a very small fraction of the nation. No doubt there is a great deal of disaffection and discontent in Ireland; but it would be a complete mistake to suppose that every man who declaims against the British or even who walks in a funeral procession in honour of the

murderers of poor Brett, is ready to take to the field as a rebel, or to stain his soul with arson or murder. The Irish are an impulsive and hot-headed people, and like such people in other countries, they often say a good deal more than they mean. If we look at their acts instead of dwelling on their loose talk, or the wild declamation of the so-called "national press," we shall find no reason to suppose that they are ripe for rebellion, much less that they are as a nation ready to plunge into crime of the most barbarous kind. It is admitted on all hands that Fenianism is only kept alive by the constant application of stimulants from the other side of the Atlantic. It is in fact a disease, not only of foreign importation, but one which is constantly sustained by fresh importations of foreign virus. That it needs to be kept alive in this way is a sufficient proof that it has not yet affected the great body of the people.

We are led to the same conclusion both by the miserable failure of the last attempt at a rising, and by the change of scene of the Fenian operations from Ireland to England. Depend upon it, we should not have these men blowing-in gaol-walls, shooting at policemen, or firing houses here, if they did not feel themselves impotent in Ireland. They would not descend to vulgar crime if they did not find themselves powerless for aught else. But one of the strongest proofs that the Fenian leaders are aware that the Irish people do not sympathize with their deeds, has been recently afforded by the manner in which "the national" press has dealt with the attack upon the Clerkenwell prison. So far from announcing it with pride and triumph as a proof of the power, activity, and ubiquity of the Fenian organization, they actually, in the first instance, suppressed all mention of its Fenian origin. On the Saturday morning when the news reached Dublin, the event was announced in their journals merely as an explosion in Clerkenwell. One paper did, we believe, admit that it was "supposed" to have been caused by Fenians; but the journal which is apparently most intimately connected with that body actually published three or four successive editions on the Saturday without making any allusion to it. It is impossible to place any but one construction upon this singular reticence. The following day, Sunday, was that on which the Dublin and other funeral processions were to take place; and it is evident that the journalists dreaded the effect upon these demonstrations of such a crime as that in question. They knew, in fact, that while a considerable number of their countrymen would readily enough unite in a vague demonstration against English misdeeds, they would shrink with horror from anything like association with a body capable of wholesale murder. Our policy, under these circumstances, cannot be a matter of doubt. We must, in the first instance, strengthen the hands of the Government and of the police in every practicable way, so as to enable them to cope with the band of assassins and incendiaries who are abroad amongst us. With that view we entirely approve the swearing-in of special constables, which is not only expedient with a view to the assistance of the regular force, but will be useful as a moral demonstration. If that measure be not sufficient to restore to us our wonted tranquillity and security, it may be necessary to adopt others, to which we need not now further allude. All that we need say is that, at any cost, means must be, and no doubt will be, found to vindicate the supremacy of the law. But at the same time we ought to follow up these measures by a policy of the most generous conciliation and the amplest justice towards Ireland. So far from allowing the crimes of the Fenians to render us deaf to the just complaints of our fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Channel, we ought to be stimulated by them to such a course of legislation as will at once detach the sound, healthy, and loyal, although it may be discontented, majority of the Irish people from any complicity with the mad schemes of those who dream of a Hibernian Republic.

MR. GLADSTONE AT OLDHAM.

IT is Mr. Gladstone's merit more than that of any other statesman of the day, with the exception perhaps of Lord Stanley, to find in the minds of his hearers an acceptance of whatever he says as the utterance of sincerity and wisdom. His warmest adherents would hesitate before saying as much for Mr. Disraeli. Not that he is without sincerity; perhaps no man of great ability ever is. But his sincerity is not of a kind which has any necessary connection with his conscience. He may believe a great deal that he says; that he believes it all even he would not hope to persuade us. He acts upon the principle that conscience has of right no place in politics, that it is not yielding and pliant enough to adapt itself to the

exigencies of party struggle. Politics in this country are a question of the dominance of this or that party for the moment. Statesmen out of office are more liberal, economic, wise, and patriotic than when they are in office. Conscience has room to play when it is seated on the Opposition benches. It is cribbed, confined, bound-in, when it sits on the right hand of the Speaker. For the sake of consistency, therefore, it is better not to heed it. Supplant it by policy. As far as the country's interests are concerned, the absence of conscience will never do much mischief; the country will keep itself right. But one party can only cope with another by the aid of party tactics. The position is not one on which we can dwell with moral satisfaction; but there is an honesty of a kind about it for which Mr. Disraeli has not received sufficient credit. He has been accused, justly enough, of abandoning his early political principles, and the insincerity of his defection then is supposed to have been proved by his partial return to them in the enactment of household suffrage. That may be—and, indeed, it is more than probable. But he has conducted the party of his adoption to a success which may be called great if only because it is surprising. Circumstances were no doubt in some respects favourable. A measure of Reform had become a necessity. The defection of a large section of the Liberal party from their leader made Mr. Disraeli powerful enough to risk the loss of some Conservative votes. Through many years he had held his party well in hand, and now that a portion of it seemed likely to break away from him he could afford to let it go. He had not made the opportunity, but he saw it and seized it. He carried a measure which, in spite of defects, is a great advance in the political progress of the country. He is the only man of his party who could have done this. Moreover, conscience was not wholly absent from his success. If the leader of her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons could not boast of it, the leader of her Majesty's Opposition could. Had Lord Palmerston—a more popular tactician than Mr. Disraeli, and quite as little troubled with conscience—been alive, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not have passed a measure of reform, even had he attempted it. But Mr. Gladstone in 1866 paved the way for the measure of 1867. His avowal that the time had come when the question of Reform must be settled, carried to the mind of the country an assurance that it would be dealt with no longer in a paltering spirit. The reign of tergiversation had passed away, and that of sincerity had begun. Mr. Gladstone had the misfortune to be more sincere than his party. Mr. Disraeli saw this, and having no such defect on his side, turned it quickly to his own account. But his success has only been that of a skilful strategist. He is no nearer the hearts of Englishmen now than he was before the passing of the new Reform Bill.

It is otherwise with Mr. Gladstone. "There are triumphant defeats," says Montaigne, "of which victory herself might be jealous." Such a defeat was that of 1866, followed up by the magnanimity of 1867. Power for the moment passed out of Mr. Gladstone's hands, but only to strengthen that recognition of public virtue in which alone it can be permanently based. The moral triumph was with him, though the nominal triumph was with his rival. There can be no better proof of this than the different ways in which the speeches at Edinburgh and Oldham are regarded. At Edinburgh there was the intellectual gladiator, adroit in all the stratagems of attack and defence, but only a gladiator after all. Mr. Gladstone at Oldham speaks with the authority of a man who has one purpose before him, and only one. He will congratulate his hearers on the passing of a Reform Bill which was not of his own framing; he will demand justice for the Irish people, and he will have it given now, without waiting till Fenianism has been put down; he will not scruple to tell working men the truth, unpalatable though it may be. While he will have the law firmly maintained against the Fenians, "we must not forget to ask ourselves whether the condition of Ireland is such as it ought to be; whether we have put ourselves in the right; whether we have given to that country the full benefit of wise and just legislation;" and if we have not, "we must not be ashamed to endeavour to put ourselves in the right; we must not get upon the high horse, and say we will entertain no questions with regard to measures of relief until what is called 'Fenianism' is extinguished." He would put no limit to the right of trade combinations when formed for legitimate ends, he tells the working men of Oldham in their own hall; "but," he adds, "I shall venture to say with great deference, but with great confidence, that all rules in restraint of labour and industry made by any union, association, or authority whatever, to restrain and limit the exertions of its members, are bad from beginning to end. . . . The best condition of things for the labouring

classes is that in which it shall be easiest for the able or the diligent man to rise out of it. . . . But when God Almighty has endowed people with different degrees of energy, and you come in with a set of artificial rules—fighting against what nature and God Almighty has done, and aiming at artificial equality—then I say you pursue a ruinous and fatal course, and I am sure the true measure of social advancement in the great labouring community of England will be a disposition to mitigate, in the first place, and finally to renounce, all those laws and rules whatever, which are restrictions upon the free use by each man of his brain and of his muscles in the pursuit of his calling." This is very different language from that which Mr. Disraeli used at Edinburgh to mystify his hearers into the belief that the Conservative party have all along been panting for a liberal measure of Reform, and that they have only been prevented from passing one by hostile Liberal votes. Mr. Gladstone may not always be right; that is not given to any man. But he is always sincere. From the deepest conviction of a mind capable of nothing that is shallow or superficial, he aims at the good of his country; and if his own hands have not been appointed to confer it he will not repine, but rejoice, when it comes from the hands of another. This is not Mr. Gladstone's only power. As a Minister of Finance he is not only without a rival, he is without an approach. But his masterly powers in this respect, and even that ubiquitous range of intellect which has brought him into familiar intercourse with almost every subject that can be touched upon, from Homer to Wedgwood, and from Wedgwood to a sewing-machine, are secondary to that grand virtue of sincerity which pervades all his utterances. Earl Russell is honest, but narrow and weak. Lord Palmerston was capable, but conscienceless. With a larger mind than either; with all Lord Russell's honesty, and without his vanity and vacillation; with far more capability than Lord Palmerston, and with a sincerity to which that airy statesman had no pretension, Mr. Gladstone is abreast with the spirit of the age. He sympathizes with its aspirations, he has faith in its future; and for that reason it looks to him as the interpreter of its life, as its advocate and guide.

"JOINT-STOCK IMMORALITIES."

THERE are a few words of which the English language has got heartily tired,—“joint stock,” “the joint-stock system,” “joint-stock enterprise,” “limited liability,” “prospectus,” “promoter,” &c., are words suggestive of a humiliating aspect of human nature, and, what perhaps is more to most of us, of money sunk in the great vortex of joint-stock investment which has swallowed up so many millions of capital. Nearly ten years ago, when the railway panic was at its height, Leech drew for the great *Mr. Punch* a picture in which a pot and kettle were represented as abusing each other, thus:—“You’re a provisional director, sir.”—“And you’re an allottee, sir.” The title of the sketch was “Gross Abuse.” We have no provisional directors now, but it would be equally abusive to use as an epithet the word promoter or one or two others of the same family. And the worst of it is that it is difficult to see our way out of this state of things. The immoralities of company-mongering and company-managing, though doubtless favoured by the present experimental condition of the applicable law, appear to have their origin in the plain fact that irresponsibility is a temptation which the average man finds it very difficult indeed to withstand. Watt, groaning at the unpleasant view of human nature which his patent litigation presented to him, wrote that nine-tenths of mankind were knaves and most of the remainder fools. Possibly the two classes may overlap each other considerably, but without going into actual proportions, it looks rather as if mankind were at any rate ready to become what Watt said they were, the moment they are released from social and practical restraint. The promoters and managers of companies must always, from the nature of things, be left considerably to their own devices, and that is a sore trial for poor weak human nature.

Meanwhile the consequences are very unpleasant indeed, we lose our money, and our good opinion of our own species, and the money market is depressed by the distrust with which “company” greed and recklessness has inspired every one. In our railways the disagreeable consequences of mismanagement and immorality are more conspicuous than in other concerns, for the simple reason that until lately their troubles were legally incapable of coming to an end. The late Railways Act has provided means by which impossible schemes and impracticable branches may be abandoned, and by which arrangements may be made with creditors; but until this alteration there

seemed no hope, no rest for the unhappy railways. Other companies got into difficulties, or perhaps never emerged from them, became insolvent, were wound up, and disappeared from before the eyes of men; but railway companies were incapable of this happy process of dissolution, and, like unhappy Struldbrugs, seemed doomed to grow older and older in ever increasing misery. It is true that the abandonment and actual dissolution of the principal and arterial schemes of railway is, though now legally possible, as practically unfeasible as it is undesirable; but the power of abandoning “contractor’s” branches and making arrangements ought certainly to be a step towards extrication from difficulty.

With regard to the joint-stock companies, their closing scenes—their obsequies, so to speak—appear to be characterized by the same spirit which distinguished their previous careers. Large sums are realized, but realized by the undertakers, by the lawyers and doctors, rather than the shareholders and creditors of the corporation *in articulo mortis*. The winding up of a company affords a remarkable instance of the appropriation of the shells to the principals, and the oyster to the professional assistants. Barristers, solicitors, and last, but not least, accountants, reap a golden harvest from the “winding-up” cases which appear and reappear in the Chancery Court papers. Technicalities turn up at every possible point, and in the mean time official liquidators burrow away at great expense and without very much control. Under these circumstances, the tenacity of life evinced by some of these moribund undertakings is not surprising. A correspondent of the *Times* drew attention not long ago to one in which, under a liquidation commenced in 1849, a first and final dividend of 2s. 9d. was forthcoming in December, 1867; and there are still lingering on plenty of liquidations under the old Companies Act of 1856.

Another peculiar feature in connection with winding-up machinery is the system of what are not inaptly termed “wrecking petitions.” Under the present law, any person claiming a debt of £50, or any shareholder, can present a petition to have the company wound up; and the law requires that this petition shall be advertised for seven days before any inquiry can be made into the petitioners’ claim. The result is that this system is made a vehicle for extortion. “Settle with me, or I advertise my winding-up petition” is the language addressed to the company. The company, especially if a “financial” or banking company, know that the advertisement of such a petition will seriously damage their credit. The petitioner’s claim may be worthless, but the mischief once done it will be no consolation to mulct him in costs, at which, too, if a man of straw, as he very possibly is, he will merely snap his fingers. This is an evil which might be remedied by an alteration in procedure.

An Essex parson was once applied to to bury a dissenting parishioner. “Certainly,” said the parson. The applicant seemed a little surprised at this ready acquiescence, and apparently feared that his request might have been misunderstood. He repeated it, and still “Certainly,” said the parson. “I had fancied, sir—been given to understand—that you objected to bury dissenters.” “Not at all, my friend,” replied the rector, “I should be only too happy to bury them all.” Perhaps some of our readers might be only too happy to bury all the unstable joint-stock companies; but at least we ought to provide that the undertakers shall not profit too largely by the funerals, and to take care that no one shall be able to practise extortion by threatening to bury them before they are dead. It is certain that some alteration must before long be made in the machinery and procedure by which companies are finally disposed of; and now that there is no Reform Bill to engross the attention of the Legislature, let us hope that next session may see at least an attempt to remedy the crying evils which exist at present.

TRADE COMBINATIONS.

IT is anticipated that, following upon the report of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the working of trade combinations, we shall have some attempted settlement of a much-vexed question, and some definite effort to regulate the chaos of relations at present existing between the respective interests of capital and labour. In the mean time, a conference of amalgamated trades, formed in January last to guard their side of the question, has published a proposed Act of Parliament which, in their view, will protect the interests of masters and workmen alike in a fair and legal manner. We understand that this Bill, after having been tested by several eminent lawyers as to its technical trustworthiness, has been submitted to the various trade

societies throughout the kingdom, and that already many of these societies have signified their approval of it by promises of co-operation. We may premise that the conference of amalgamated trades consists of delegates from the Amalgamated Society of Engineers—perhaps the most admirably-constituted trade society in England,—from the Ironfounders' Society, the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, the Operative Bricklayers' Society, the Vellum-binders' Society, and from the London Trades' Council. Although the proposed Bill, therefore, has been sanctioned by this Conference, it is evident that its acceptance by the mass of trades' societies in Great Britain must depend on its intrinsic fitness for the purpose intended; and as it really seems to us to be an attempt at mediation between master and man, we shall proceed to review its contents from a purely exoteric standpoint.

It seems clear to us that the working man is about to suffer from the effects of a violent reaction of public opinion—a reaction perfectly natural and justifiable, but for which he is himself not to blame. We should be sorry to believe that the nonsense uttered by Mr. Finlen and his associates found any echo whatever among the generality of working men throughout the United Kingdom; nor can we believe that the egregious folly of such a demonstration as took place in the Home Office met with the sympathy of those whom we are accustomed to ticket as "trades' unionists." But the British public was never celebrated for the drawing of nice distinctions. The average newspaper reader, having glanced over the account of this and similar exhibitions of unreason, immediately says—"This is the length to which the working man will go, if we give him his own way. But he has mistaken our temper. He has presumed too far. We shall let him feel which of us is the strongest—and that definitely, suddenly, and sharply." This is the reaction we foresee. Last year the working man occupied a very different position. Both parties in the House were bidding for his support, and lost no opportunity of flattering him. Mr. Lowe's unguarded words provoked a tempest of sympathy in his favour. The working man was all that could be desired, and his detractors were the exponents of a cowardly selfishness. This year the working man—who, all the while, has been much too busy to attend to these electric currents of sympathy and their co-existent political possibilities—finds himself regarded as a blustering, addle-headed, seditious fool, who is determined to turn firebrands into every man's corn, including his own. We venture to point out this marked change in popular sentiment, because it is likely to affect the reception of the proposed Bill. A man in terror will seize any means whatever of holding back that of which he is in fear. A man moved both by fear and revenge will at once curb and punish. We can only hope that the strong common sense of England will prevent a temporary weakness of apprehension being translated into a practical and permanent injustice.

Fifty years hence our present laws respecting trade combinations will be looked upon as some of the most startling anachronisms of these times. It will scarcely be believed that we were so much over-awed by the prospective power of labour, and so helpless to control that power by legitimate means, that we were forced to resort to the trickeries of special legislation. It will scarcely be believed that in order to protect ourselves—or in order to insure what we fancied was self-protection—we had to alter our criminal code, to make a threat punishable in one case which was not punishable in another, to let a man pass unpunished for embezzlement in one case while we transported him for the same act in the next case. It will be said that our Government, unwilling to meet these combinations on fair terms, had to fit out privateers to prey upon them by holding guiltless whoever of their officers should rob them of their funds. Surely, if it is felt that some restraint must be put upon trade, in order to secure to capital those advantages which it has always possessed in England, the object might be effected in a less ignoble way. Doubtless trades' unions have sufficient faults to answer for. Their regulations—those for the equalization of wages, for instance, which exist in certain unions—are often harsh and tyrannical. Their strikes are a clumsy and unprofitable method of testing the existing condition of supply and demand. The criminal terrorism to which certain of them have resorted has been both a crime and a blunder. But, after all, if every combination which perpetrated blunders were put beyond the pale of the law, would there be a single society left in England? Now, the present Bill proposes to alter in some degree these conditions. It admits that in the mean time the exceptional law making threats penal is expedient and just; but directs that the jury empanelled to try such cases shall be taken from the electoral register, if the accused desire, "thus drawing the jury from the body of the people, irrespective of their being employers, or unionists or

non-unionists." Another section of the Bill renders penal any endeavour, by threatening the commission of any offence punishable by statute, to force a master to alter his business, limit the number of his apprentices, or the number and description of his journeymen. The Bill further declares that no mere combination for trade purposes shall be deemed a conspiracy; that trade societies for the mutual relief and benefit of their members shall be considered legal; and that any person who embezzles the money or makes away with the property of such a society, shall be liable to an ordinary prosecution. To what does all this amount? So far as we can see, it is merely an effort to secure for these combinations that freedom of action which is the first condition of a nation's material and intellectual progress. In short, as the framers of the Bill themselves remark,—“The Act, as a whole, is a declaration of the great principle on which the trade societies exist—namely, complete freedom to combine for all purposes except those forbidden by positive enactment; freedom, not merely from punishment, but from the disabilities which such doctrines as that called 'Restraint of Trade' have imposed, and may still impose. This Act offers no special facilities to trade societies for the enforcing of their contracts or the investing of their funds; but it will emancipate them from the disadvantages to which they are subject, and place workmen in the same position as other citizens, with regard to the administration of law and justice.” Surely the demand is not unreasonable. We are well aware that the country squires who howled against free trade, will see in such a proposal the downfall of England, and the ruin of the English Crown; but less prejudiced persons will not fail to perceive that there cannot be much danger to English law by admitting within its pale those who have hitherto been excluded. The time is past when we needed to foster particular branches of our commerce by special legislation; the time ought to be past in which we have recourse to the same means to preserve our social equilibrium. If Societies of Mediation, similar to those which have for many years existed in France, are as yet far from us, the next best thing we can do is to let capital and labour have a fair field and no favour. Injustice on one or the other side will speedily work its own cure, at the expense, probably, of considerable temporary injury. But in any case we protest against the bolstering up of either side by illegality. Let us have one law for all, and trust to open competition, until the necessity for competition is done away with by the formation among us of such societies as the *Conseils de Prud'hommes* of France.

CHRISTMAS, 1867.

COMING to us in mid-winter, Christmas is always a season of contrasts, and, in some respects, it is all the better on that account. When the temperature is below freezing-point, the ground hard as iron, house-tops and tree-tops, where trees are to be found, covered with snow, and parks and fields clothed in the like apparel, the warm, cheerful interior glows with an especial brightness and comfort, more particularly on nights when you can hear the wind sweeping through the streets or whistling round the corner. Home is never so much home as then, and even were there no such festival as Christmas, the time would pass pleasantly with all who had the requisite comforts to make it do so. The mere fact that it brings the old year to a close and ushers the new year in would be sufficient to give it a specialty distinguishing it from the other seasons, and our remote ancestors did so distinguish it before they learnt to celebrate it for another reason. But supposing that the progress of intellectual egotism were to succeed in its task of substituting a belief in things only which can be seen, handled, weighed, measured, and chemically analyzed, for a religion which, were it no more than a superstition, is elevating and ennobling far beyond all other systems of belief, we should miss in this mid-winter season its most beautiful thought. It matters not that material interests enter importantly into the celebration. An Englishman's ideas have an inevitable tendency to find their ultimate expression in eating and drinking, but even amongst nations who are not under the dominance of this propensity, the ideas of feasting and rejoicing are inseparable. It is just within the range of possibility that the future gentry of England, who are now rolling homeward for the holidays, are not engaged in very deep meditations on the religious character of Christmas. The pantomime may hold an irreverent equality in their thoughts with the Morning Service; and under no circumstances can a lad with a roaring appetite be inclined to purely spiritual thoughts with mince-pies and plum-pudding in his mind's eye. But for all this, there is a feeling, if not a strongly defined one, amongst those who call

themselves Christians—Scotchmen of the two Kirks excepted—that underneath the general cormorancy of the season, underneath its feasting and merriment, its pantomimes, its dancing and singing, its snapdragon and Twelfth-cake, and all its other material developments, there lies a religious sentiment, somewhat inactive perhaps, owing to the superincumbent weight, and yet, in another sense, not so. We rejoice because it is Christmas. No doubt many of us rejoice as Othello loved, “not wisely, but too well.” But all special occasions are apt to run into excess, and after all the offence brings the penalty along with it. We eat and drink till our heads ache, and our digestions faint under the operation. But if we exceed somewhat in this direction, we do penance in another. We make up for to-day’s pies by to-morrow’s pills; and the ruby wine with which we too gaily “fill the bumper fair,” is fearfully revenged upon us by the draught denominated “black.”

But Christmas, like the houses of merry-making, has two sides, an inside and an out. There are those who are warm and cosy within its pale, and those who stand shivering without. It is one practical development of the religious sentiment of the season that we feel for these people. We remember the two wayfarers for whom there was no room in the inn, and in what sort of company the Redeemer of Mankind was born. Perhaps the Christianity of Christmas cannot better display itself than by lighting up the homes of the poor with some of the cheerfulness of the season; and not for many years has Christmas come upon London when there was so wide a field for operations of this kind. The whole of the East-end, covered by a population of about 600,000 is at this moment the scene of distress absolutely appalling. In an ordinary season the number of persons receiving out-door relief in this locality is about 15,000. It is now 25,000. The stoppage of ship-building, consequent upon the termination of the war in America, has thrown thousands out of employment, and has impoverished the trades which depend upon the prosperity of the artisans who are now without work. Thousands of homes are desolate. Starvation has taken the place of plenty. The poor people have sold or pawned everything, even to their bed-clothes, yes, even to the clothes they stand up in. In this desperate emergency the parochial authorities are doing what they can to mitigate the sufferings of the people, but the utmost they can do is little in comparison with what is needed. With all their efforts they can barely enable the poor to keep body and soul together, and even to do this they are compelled to levy a rate upon the rest of the parishioners which falls in hundreds of cases with crushing severity upon householders who are little better than paupers themselves. If there is any time at which charity is bound to put on a spurt it is Christmas-time. Here, then, is ample opportunity for those who may feel inclined to give of their abundance for the help of their suffering fellow-creatures. There are persons who do not understand the word abundance; who are capable of gobbling up whatever they can get; who never have enough, but, cormorant-like, are always crying for more. We shall not express the hope that these people may find their Christmas pudding unusually indigestible, and the rectifying draught unusually nauseous. We would rather invite them to put themselves under the guidance of one of the relief committees of Bethnal-green or Mile-end, and inspect the preparations being made in thousands of the homes of that locality for the celebration of Christmas: the rooms bare of furniture, the beds destitute of blankets, the inmates, men, women, and children, with no more clothing than will cover them; cupboards empty and grates in nearly the same condition. Scrooge would melt after such an inspection. Happily the number of the well-to-do whose charity requires such a stimulus is not legion. For the most part, the rich are well-inclined at all times to help the poor, and never more so than at this festive season. They relish their Christmas fare all the better for knowing that others are sharing the pleasures of the season. And if there is any doubt as to the expediency of trusting funds to relief committees, there need be no hesitation on this score, because there exists an agency for the distribution of charitable funds which may confidently be trusted. The distressed districts comprise Clerkenwell, Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, Whitechapel, St. George’s-in-the-East, Stepney, Mile-end Old Town, and Poplar. We would willingly hope that any funds intrusted to the Established clergy of these localities would be equitably distributed to all who are in want, irrespective of religious difference. But if there is any doubt upon that point, and of course it is more or less open to doubt, there need be no hesitation in sending subscriptions to the local magistrates. The dispensers of justice in some of its sharper forms have proved themselves to be quite as efficient dispensers of mercy. In fact, the poor go to the police-court for relief with a confidence and a self-respect which they cannot feel when they

have to apply to the parish. In ordinary cases it is not the business of a police-court to distribute relief, and, as a rule, the magistrates refuse to do so, bringing the court poor-box into play only when some special distress comes before them. But in seasons of great pressure they have taxed themselves with a duty to which they are not officially bound, and have partitioned amongst the clergy of their district such money as has been sent to them for its relief. Doubtless they are willing to do so now.

CONVENTIONAL DECEITS.

HUMBBUG is an element in society to eliminate which would be to deprive society of a good deal of enjoyment. “Faces,” says Lord Bacon, “are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal in which there is no love.” We pretty well all know how much sincerity there is in the conventionalities that help to consolidate the actors that throng this world’s stage; yet what would avail the tearing away of the glitter and colour from those who are at such pains to assume them? The harlequin and the columbine, we know, exchange their spangles and their muslin for the plain coat and brown shawl when off the stage; we might call their glittering costumes assumption and humbug if we would; but the pantomime is proceeding, and the plain coat and brown shawl would but poorly harmonize with the paint and radiance, the music and panoramas, amidst which their owners perform their antics.

Conventional deception may be considered from a sad as well as from a humorous point of view. It resembles the Roman conception of Janus; it is double-faced. The one expression provokes your merriment, the other your pity. Or you may liken it to humour, which you find largely interpenetrated with the element of pathos. Thackeray opens one of his chapters in “Vanity Fair” by declaring his frequent wonder at the way some people have of managing. You are given distinctly to understand that there is not the least shadow of a doubt as to such and such a family having very little means; and then the satirist proceeds to call upon you to explain how it is that they not only contrive to give dinner and evening parties of which the refreshments are supplied by Gunter, but that they are to be seen driving in the season in an open carriage with two horses, and, moreover, keep sons at one of the principal public schools of England. All this would, no doubt, be a fruitful theme of astonishment were it not so very largely practised. The numbers of people who somehow or other contrive to make the two ends meet with such *éclat* are so large as no longer to provoke surprise, but merely conjecture, as to how the thing is done. When you come to inquire into it, you will find it to be one view of a many-sided system of conventional deception. One half of society lives to make fools of the other half. A certain class of people in the world have only one idea in life, and that idea is to make their neighbours imagine them to be what they are not. There are people who, in order to be able to keep a carriage, will limit their butcher’s bill to merely a few chops per diem (for the family, and when there is no chance of a stranger being present), retire to bed supperless, and awaken hungrily to despatch an unsubstantial breakfast. They seem to have no sense at all of discomfort. What they most dread in life is not the prospect of having a very insufficient dinner to sit down to, but what Mr. Jones or Mrs. Smith would say were he or she to hear that they had given up their carriage. To be caught inside an omnibus by any one of those neighbours who have been so studiously impressed with ideas with which omnibuses have no relation, would cause these people an amount of suffering and distress with which you cannot possibly sympathize, unless you have experienced the feelings that attend the uplifting of one of the corners of the disguise which you have been so careful to keep pinned.

The same love of conventional deception will hurry people into extravagance which, but for their neighbours, they would sedulously shun. Parties will be given, though there is no prospect at all of being able to pay the confectioner’s bill. People with nothing a year, who give these parties, will be found holding bouquets, which Mr. John Thomas, with three thousand a year, would hesitate to give his wife and daughters. The greatest kindness you can show these people is to introduce them to somebody with a title. How highly they estimate this obligation will be evidenced to you in the incessant lugging in of the name of your titled friend during their conversation. As we said before, the performance in which these people take part is very suggestive of the theatrical pantomime. They flash upon the speculative outsiders for a period, and then vanish, perhaps, to be seen no more. Yet their end is not obscure. The *Gazette* almost invariably indicates the last

achievement of the head of the family, whilst the other members will be found congregated in some remote nook, still existing, though how, it would need all the acumen of a Thackeray to acquaint us.

Yet, who can contemplate such vagaries with a smile? Who can contemplate the mask of the conventional deceiver, and not know that beneath it are lineaments whose expression, could it be made visible, would make the heart sick? Could the insignificant ambition of the father and mother of a family to deceive their neighbours with false notions of their means involve only their own interests, then there would be much more to laugh at and little to commiserate. But what about the children? Can anything be more heartrending than the spectacle of girls—ladies by birth, by education, by manners—reduced to a state compared to which the condition of the common labourer and his twelve children on eleven shillings a week is happiness? There is a criminality about such extravagance which would seem to necessitate the intervention of the law. Is he to be accounted a sane being who sets to work to ruin himself and his family for the mere sake of keeping up appearances and deceiving his neighbours? God help the young ones of such a father! A man of this stamp may gain the character of liberality and hospitality from the unthinking people who throng his table and who are robbing the children with every glass that they fill; but to the thoughtful, who know what extravagance must inevitably lead to—who can predict the time when the sons shall abandon their home and the girls curse their parents for driving them into crime for a means of livelihood—conventional deceits mean wrongs so false, so cruel, so unnecessary as to demand a cry of shame upon those who are guilty of them. This we hold to be the pathetic side of the question; and if conventional deception be a concomitant of civilization, recognised as a necessity, and sometimes enforced as a duty, let us at least properly define its operations, and avoid involving the innocent in the calamities that inevitably attend the reckless.

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

WE understand that on the day preceding Christmas it is the wont of certain hungry-eyed persons to frequent the various railway stations and watch the arrival and despatch of those precious hampers which are the solid, English, and not unsatisfactory messengers of good feeling and kind wishes. At other seasons of the year a more or less legible scrawl of writing is sufficient to testify our respect and affection for certain people at a distance; but at Christmas we return to the fine old savage method of expressing friendship by means of gifts. Instead of a canister of powder we send a turkey; instead of a bran-new rifle, a mysterious basket full of unimaginable presents. Now, as we see no reason why this excellent practice should be discontinued, we venture to give our readers a piece of practical advice about it. When they have actually decided who shall be the recipients of their kindness, and definitely settled, at those hushed domestic conclaves which are held at night when all the children are in bed, what particular form this kindness is to take, let them by all means send on the present at the earliest possible opportunity. Nothing can be more awkward than the arrival of a Christmas hamper on the day after Christmas—except, perhaps, its non-arrival altogether. For a day or so immediately preceding Christmas our ordinary means of conveyance are crowded to excess, and it is almost inevitable that here and there important packages may have to wait over. Then, in the bustle and confusion of the last day of transit, there are too many chances of the hamper being stolen or lost, with such consequences as need only be suggested. Is it possible to conceive of a more awkward position than that of the man who has to demand from a railway company compensation for the loss of some present sent him by a friend in the country? In the first place he has to ask his friend what was the exact pecuniary value of the present—a somewhat indelicate question. Then, supposing he makes the claim, and obtains restitution in the shape of a small cheque, how can he keep the money? People do not send Christmas presents to mark their own wealth and the recipient's poverty. His obvious course is to return the money to his country friend, and abuse the railway company which has cheated him out of his present. To repeat the present were too great an anachronism even for those country people whose good nature is not particular to the shades of custom. What excuse except Christmas could they find for sending a man a chine of bacon and a pair of Dorkings laid in state upon a bedding of mistletoe and holly? Duck and woodcock, and snipe and teal may come at any time, when a bit of hard

gray weather drives them within reach of Eley's cartridges; and even a haunch of Scotch venison, or a slender-necked roe, might not be out of place before or after Christmas; but who would think of sending one a basket of barn-door fowls, a huge lump of farm butter, and a lot of pullet's eggs, except at the season of mutual exchange and universal remembrances? He in town loses his present, he in the country is forced to make a paltry sale of his special produce, and both grumble at the railway company, or the boat, or the carrier, and resolve to be "before the crush" next year.

As for Christmas-boxes, it must be confessed that our English independence of character does not shine particularly bright in the observance of that custom. The fact is, that Christmas-boxes are no longer a present, but a right, belonging to certain people who take the most unconscionably impudent way of asserting it. Scotch families coming to live in London are said to be astounded when, at their first Christmas, they are quietly asked for a gift by people who have no claim to it whatever but their own amazing ingenuity in trying to manufacture a claim. And not only is the demand made, but if the "box" is not as big as that which the recipient was in the habit of getting from the family formerly occupying the house, a mild remonstrance, uttered in an injured tone, is the result. Our Scotch friends, oblivious of finer distinctions, call this begging, and are shocked. They have lived amongst people the poorest of whom would suffer the veriest extremes of poverty before going to the squire's house, and asking the servants for help—who, if they saw you drop your purse, would hand it to you without waiting for a gratuity—who would direct you to a place without touching their cap and asking for a copper. Now, we should be sorry to do away with Christmas-boxes altogether. They offer a convenient method of acknowledging sundry little services one may have received during the year, whether from keeper or groom, or railway porter, or postman, or even from the much-abused "bobby." But we ought resolutely to refuse "tipping" whosoever asks for a "tip." The whole tribe of greengrocer's boys, and butchers' assistants, and mysterious gasmen, night-watchers, and so forth, who come with an audacious frankness to demand their Christmas fee, should be quietly dismissed. They have nothing to lose by their impudence, and occasionally much to gain from the bashful householder, who fancies he ought to do what his neighbours do. One does not find one's own servants act in this way; they are forced to maintain at least a semblance of self-respect. Their boldest efforts are limited to pleading the claims of this or that shady person outside who desires to be remembered; and as it often happens that the outsider has already presented his advocate with a trifling "box," some doubts as to the disinterestedness of the application may legitimately be entertained. But it is in all instances easy to learn whether or not the request comes directly from the servant or the tradesman; and if the latter should be the case, a point-blank refusal ought to be the immediate answer.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

How nearly allied piety and ferocity may be, the world already knows only too well by many sad examples; but Cardinal Cullen, at the celebration on Tuesday, in the Dublin Roman Catholic cathedral, of a requiem mass for the slain defenders of the Pope, thought he would add yet another instance to the many that have gone before. He stated that during the celebration of the centenary of St. Peter at Rome last summer, the Apostle's chair was brought out from its splendid case, and intrusted to the guardianship of the Papal Zouaves, many of whom reverentially touched it with their swords. "Undoubtedly," said the Cardinal, "they petitioned the Apostle to sharpen those weapons against the enemies of religion. Nerola, Monte Rotondo, and Mentana, proved that he was not deaf to their pious demands, for their swords in those hard-fought battles drank deeply of the blood of sacrilegious and infidel adventurers." The swords which St. Peter is supposed to have blessed may have been all very well; but we would venture to suggest that the French Chassepots were worth a great deal more to the Papal cause. As far as mere swords were concerned, the unblessed Garibaldian blades probably "drank" quite as much blood (to adopt the Cardinal's charming figure) as the weapons of the Zouaves; but the secular rifles of the Imperial troops were not so easily met by ill-armed volunteers. This is the kind of begging of the question which is so common with those who dare not argue freely. The Cardinal also spoke of Garibaldi

intending to "set up and adore the Goddess of Reason under the most impure and disgusting emblem," and of his designing to "redde the streets of Rome with the blood of the priests of God." There are unfortunately too many ignorant people with whom these wild and fantastic statements go down for facts.

THE French Government have determined on proceeding with the Army Bill before again bringing forward the reforms which were promised on the 19th of last January, but which still stand over for next year. As regards the reorganization of the army, the Government, as our readers are aware, have been compelled to modify their original scheme in many important respects; but the committee on the Bill demand further concessions. The present contention has reference to the Mobile National Guard. This force is to comprise a very large number of men, and the committee object to taking them from their occupations for more than a day at a time, and to the expense of billeting them in case they should have to be away from home at night. The Government, by a reduction of the original terms, propose that the men shall be called out for drill twenty days in the course of the year, of which only eight shall be consecutive; but the committee require that no man belonging to this body shall be called upon for more than twelve hours at a time. This and the question of billeting will probably lead to a great deal of discussion; but the Government do not seem very well disposed to attenuate their plan still further.

HUNGARY and Austria are not getting on so well together as could be desired; and it would seem that the obstacles this time are raised by the former. The more extreme parties in the Hungarian Parliament insist on their country bearing a less proportion in the common taxation of the Empire than appears to be just, considering the nature of the compromise lately entered into between the Empire and the Kingdom. They also demand the complete restoration of the laws of 1848. Now, it is as certain that Hungary cannot exist without Austria (unless at the cost of a disastrous revolution and civil war, if then) as that Austria cannot exist without Hungary. Mutual concessions are therefore necessary to the tranquillity and well-being of both. But if all the concessions are to be made by one side, and all the advantages are to be enjoyed by the other, it is clear that the compact will be endangered, and in that case a return to the arbitrary system of former days would almost be forced on Austria. These are dangers which we trust the good sense of the Hungarians will avoid.

It is stated that the Prussian Ministers at foreign courts will next month receive new credentials in the name of the Confederation of the North. "Prussia," as such, is gradually disappearing from the political world, and "Germany" is rising in her place. Count Bismarck, speaking recently in the Berlin Chamber, twitted two Radical members with what he called "Prussian provincialism;" and that is really what it is fast coming to. The Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Grand Duchy of Baden spoke the other day of a proximate annexation of that State to the great political body which was virtually created at Sadowa. In other directions the same tendency is visible, and France looks on moodily, not knowing what to do. "It is too late now," observes the *Avenir National*, "to say to Prussia that she must not cross the line of the Maine. She has already crossed it." Prussia has in fact won another move on the chess-board, and France, by making Italy her enemy, has added to the difficulties which seem to lie before her.

THE English members of the Protestant Bible Societies, which took so much pains to distribute the Scriptures at the Paris Exhibition, have had an audience of the Emperor, at which a great deal of pretty commonplace was exchanged about religious liberty and the spread of tolerance. The deputation presented his Majesty with a Bible, and his Majesty said that it was a principle of his Government to give protection to all religious bodies. This is perfectly true as far as France is concerned, and it is very creditable to the Imperial rule; but as long as the Emperor uses his soldiers for propping up at Rome the Power which makes a religious duty of intolerance, it must be said of him that he simply undoes with one hand what he does with the other.

GIOVANNI CAIROLI, the Garibaldian—one of a family which has already given three sons as martyrs to the national cause

—has been released by the Papal authorities, by whom he was taken prisoner in the recent Roman affair. He was wounded in the head, and, while lying in that condition, was barbarously stabbed in four places by the Pontifical troops. This fact is related by the Florence correspondent of the *Times*, who thinks it "may be interesting to certain orators who lately figured at St. James's Hall."

WE are glad to find that the French Liberal journalists accused by Viscount de Kervéguen of receiving money from Prussia as the price of their support have agreed to submit the matter to a jury of honour, composed of gentlemen belonging to different parties. This is the only course fit to be taken in such a case as that which has arisen.

THAT the organization of miscreants now giving us so much trouble, and threatening the peace of London by crimes of almost unparalleled horror, has been to a great extent originated and fostered in the United States, is well known; and it appears that a certain party in America is raising a great outcry because we presume to punish those Irishmen who have made themselves citizens of the Republic, but who afterwards come over here, and commit crimes against the peace. A large and excited meeting was held at the end of last month at the Cooper's Institute, New York, to protest against the treatment of American citizens—that is to say, naturalized Irishmen—as though they were British subjects; and a deputation was appointed to go to Washington, and lay the case before Congress. The complaint is obviously absurd, and, were it not for the necessity which American politicians lie under of securing the Irish vote, it would hardly have been made. Let the American citizenship of the Fenian filibusters be fully admitted, and it does not in any way alter the case. A foreigner, even if we allow these Irishmen to be such (and it is doubtful how far a subject can shake off his allegiance at will), is not to consider himself at liberty to commit any offence he pleases in the country where he is sojourning. It would be absurd to contend that because a man is a Frenchman he may come to England, and conspire against the Government with impunity. Our American cousins would certainly not permit such a thing as against themselves; and we on our parts cannot allow the claim when made by them on behalf of our secret and ferocious enemies.

GENERAL GRANT appears to be the favourite for the coming Presidency. His great success at the close of the civil war made him popular, and his administration of the War Office is held to have given proof of his capacity for business. The Republicans, however, fear that his sympathies are "Democratic," and he is certainly supported by men of that party. But as yet he has said very little on his own account.

COLONEL MEREWETHER's exploring party is progressing very well in Abyssinia. The greatest height attained by it at the last advices was seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, where the temperature was very cold. The chief difficulty continues to be the want of water; but several condensers of great power are being sent out, and these, it is hoped, will remedy the mischief. The march into the interior, it is said, will be easy, and Theodore seems to be taking to desperate courses, for he is reported to have burnt Debra Tabor. The insurgents, however, are killing his stragglers, and will resist his march to Magdala. We shall probably be able to turn these malcontents to good account. On the other hand, the Aboona, or Metropolitan of Abyssinia, who is said to have been our friend, is just dead.

To the terrific hurricanes which recently devastated some of the West India islands have succeeded several shocks of earthquake, of a very terrible character. It would be interesting to have the opinion of scientific men whether the two kinds of convulsions have had any mutual dependence or common origin in some general condition of cosmic disturbance.

It is not very long since an action was brought against a Liverpool firm for shipping a quantity of nitro-glycerine which was carried safely enough to America, but in the course of unloading exploded, destroyed half the town of Aspinwall, and caused the complete disappearance of the steamer which carried it. The story told of the carelessness with which the fearful

substance was driven through one of the most crowded streets of Liverpool, the carman, in happy ignorance, sitting on one of the boxes, and jolting on the stones nitro-glycerine enough, if jolted just a little more, to have blown away half Liverpool, has a counterpart in the accident which recently took place in Newcastle. The police received information that a quantity of nitro-glycerine, in nine canisters was stored in the cloth market immediately behind the Bank of England, and they required the owner to remove it to a place of safety. As the railway company refused to carry it, and the keeper of a gunpowder-store was equally unwilling to have anything to do with it, the authorities determined to pour it into some old pit workings in the town moor, and for this purpose had it carted off. The Sheriff of Newcastle, Mr. M. Mawson, a chemist, and the town surveyor, Mr. Bryson, accompanied the police and workmen to the spot, and under their direction the fluid was poured out and covered with earth. Three of the canisters, however, were observed to have crystallized matter adhering to the bottom, and these it was arranged to bury in the earth at some distance off. Whilst this was being done, the nitro-glycerine exploded, killing five persons on the instant, and injuring Mr. Mawson, Mr. Bryson, and a lad so seriously that they have since died.

COMPROMISES are generally very desirable terminations to disputes, but when a cowardly assault has been committed by a mob upon one man, and under circumstances which greatly aggravate the offence, we prefer to see the law vindicate itself, and the punishment which it provides inflicted. The outrage committed at Newmarket in October last, and which has for some time been the subject of controversy, appears to us to be one of those cases in which leniency has resulted in injustice. On the Cambridgeshire day, whilst one of the races was being run, one of two competing horses was ridden against by a groom and thrown down, and a gentleman named Templer, who happened to be on the ground, interested himself in the accident, and by his advice the injured horse was raised and led away. Two jockeys, Parry and Cannon, who were on horseback at the time, provoked at seeing the race interfered with, set upon Mr. Templer, beat him with their riding whips, and in fact led on an assault by the mob, in which the unfortunate gentleman was ridden down, ridden over when on the ground, kicked, and beaten, and that so furiously that it was almost a miracle he escaped with his life. For the assault the two jockeys were summoned before the magistrates and committed to the Quarter Sessions, but before the trial came on Mr. Templer's friends were prevailed upon to waive legal proceedings, and submit the whole affair to the arbitration of Lord Ailesbury and Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., with Lord Granville as umpire. The arbitrators prepared an apology, which the jockeys signed, and were agreed that in addition to paying Mr. Templer's costs, Parry and Cannon should also make him some pecuniary recompense. As to the amount of the compensation, however, the arbitrators entertained different opinions. Lord Ailesbury thinking £50 for each of the jockeys sufficient and Mr. Hughes insisting that as a prosecution would have resulted in the imprisonment of one for at least a year and of the other for six months, they should give to Mr. Templer a sum equivalent to half of what their earnings would be during that period. Lord Granville's decision, in which the arbitrators concurred, was, that in addition to the legal expenses, the jockeys should pay the medical expenses up to 1867 and £100 each for the assault; and in this arrangement the affair terminates.

THE Central Criminal Court has long been from many causes the most attractive, in popular estimation, of our legal tribunals. Criminals are naturally objects of interest to the virtuous, and the Old Bailey barrister, according to the conventional notion of the creature, is himself a being well worth the attention of the curious. Mr. Commissioner Kerr, one of the lesser judges sitting in this court, has, however, recently displayed qualities which, added to the usual attractions, must render the place in which he presides one of unusual interest to the idlers who happen to have influence sufficient with City authorities or City policemen to gain them an entrance within the sacred walls. In the course of a trial on Tuesday last Mr. Kerr and Mr. Ribton, the counsel for the prosecution, fell into a violent rage with one another, and used very pretty language. Mr. Kerr designated an observation of Mr. Ribton's as a Hibernianism, and Mr. Ribton, after threatening to represent the matter to the Home Secretary, described Mr. Kerr's conduct as an exhibition which had never before been witnessed in a court of justice. This, Mr. Kerr held to be contempt of

court, and fined the contemptuous counsel £50. Like most of the unseemly quarrels which have taken place between the Bench and the Bar, the affair ended in mutual apologies, expressions of admiration, and a remission of the fine. We have no desire to deprive Old Bailey *habitues* of any amusement which the place affords them, but we doubt greatly how far scenes of this nature tend to aid the decent administration of justice, and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Kerr would secure respect in his court more easily by a dignified and proper bearing than by the use of coarse expressions, however strongly supplemented by fines.

THE privilege conferred by the Act of last session upon insolvent railway companies, by which they are enabled, upon filing a deed of arrangement with their creditors, to have legal proceedings against their property stayed, has been very properly confined to suitable limits by a recent judgment of Vice-Chancellor Wood. The Cambrian Railway Company having found itself in difficulties, sought the assistance of the Court of Chancery to restrain not only proceedings taken against it by its ordinary creditors, but also the suits commenced by the landowners whose property it had taken and not paid for. It may be very desirable in the case of persons who have advanced their money upon the credit of a railway company, and who in doing so acted upon their own judgment merely, to prevent one person running off with the means by which all are to be paid; but it is quite another thing to say that a landowner shall be compelled to let a railway company tear down his buildings and do what they please with his land, and then, after having perhaps ruined his property, by a simple admission of insolvency, leave him practically without remedy for the price of the land which they continue to keep. The proposition was not out of keeping with that cool impudence which is a distinguishing feature in railway projectors and railway contractors; but we are glad to see that the Vice-Chancellor has decided that, whoever may wait, the landowner is entitled to be paid.

WE have become so used to public atrocities in these days that highway robberies, when compared with other crimes, must soon come to be looked upon as merely harmless amusements, and murder by garrotting an every-day incident too common to be noticed. On the 3rd of this month, a man named Thomas Obrun, employed for years as chief oil-cooper at the St. Katherine's Docks, was returning to his home in Mile-end, when at about a quarter to five o'clock he was suddenly set upon by two men, who had been hiding in a railway-arch in Lucas-street, Mile-end, attacked from behind, knocked down, throttled, and knelt upon with such violence that his ribs were broken and forced into his lungs. He has since died, and, it is almost unnecessary to add, the police have failed to discover his murderers. When we see such daily instances of the utter inefficiency on the part of the police, it might not be undesirable if the special constables now being sworn in to resist Fenianism, were at the same time to give a small share of their attention to the suppression of garrotte murders.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MR. COSTA's oratorio "Naaman" was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday week, the occasion being the 500th concert given by that society in the large room of Exeter Hall. The selection of the last and most important work of their conductor for performance on this special occasion was a graceful and well-deserved tribute from the society to one whose skill and energy have had so much to do with the present high position and financial success of the institution, of which he has been musical director for nearly twenty years. As we have before spoken of the characteristics of "Naaman," and its superiority over the same composer's previous oratorio "Eli," we need now merely record its very fine performance on the occasion referred to, when all the artists, solo, instrumental, and choral, seemed animated by one desire to evince their respect for the orchestral conductor who, during his residence of many years among us, has earned an undisputed title to the highest esteem, both in his personal and his professional character. The solos were sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil (in lieu of Madame Sainton-Dolby, who was indisposed), Mr. Cummings, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Santley.

Mr. German Reed has commenced a series of performances of light comic opera in the concert room of St. George's Hall, Langham-place, which, under the title of "St. George's Opera House," has been transformed to theatrical purposes by the erection of a neat little stage, with a select and sufficient orchestra. On Wednesday night this new scheme was inaugurated by the performance of an English adaptation of Offenbach's "La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme," as "Puss in Petticoats;" and a new comic opera by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and entitled "The Contrabandista." Offenbach's one-act musical farce, amusing enough when running glibly off with the sparkling vivacity of French acting, scarcely bears transplanting to an English stage with actors and actresses of slight experience. Mdle. Anna, the present representative of Minette, has considerable animation and vivacity, but wants grace and ease—while the tenor, Mr. Hargrave, appears to be a novice both in vocal and histrionic art. Doubtless, however, both will improve with reiterated performances.

Mr. Sullivan's new operetta contains some capital characteristic writing, with a vein of musical humour that promises well for future stage efforts. Two graceful songs for the principal soprano (nicely sung by Miss Arabella Smyth), a capital comic air, "From rock to rock," for the low comedian (Mr. Shaw), and some very clever incidental writing, and much command of orchestral detail and variety, attest Mr. Sullivan's superiority to most of the native composers of our day. His subject, however, in the present instance is scarcely a happy one—the broad burlesque on the old sensational stilted melodrama requires better acting than it can receive at the hands of mere novices in stage art. Miss Smyth and Miss Lucy Franklein are both meritorious singers, as they have often proved in concert performances, but are evidently quite unused to the stage; as we have already said appears to be the case with Mr. Hargrave, the tenor in this as in the first piece. Mr. Shaw, as the Cockney thrown among brigands and the farcical terrors of assassination, was as amusing as he has often been in previous performances at the Gallery of Illustration; and Mr. Aynsley Cook as a robust, roaring, ruthless robber, overstepped the bounds even of the wildest burlesque. If the object be to establish a school of the lighter form of comic opera in English, there must be progress both in musical refinement and in dramatic efficiency before this purpose can be advanced by the St. George's Opera House. It may, however, and probably will, improve on this beginning; meantime it has certainly brought forward some very clever music by a composer who will doubtless find some better future opportunity for the exercise of his art.

The second performance of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," at the concert of Mr. Barnby's choir on Thursday week, was attended with fully as great success as that of the first hearing at the Crystal Palace, noticed by us a fortnight since. Again the charming "Allegro Vivace" was encored; and the whole symphony received with that general expression of delight which such music can scarcely fail to excite. The orchestra engaged on the occasion was that of the Crystal Palace. The concert, which consisted entirely of Mendelssohn's works, included the music to "Athalie," an "Ave Maria" from the unfinished opera, "Loreley;" the new book of "Lieder ohne Worte," played by Herr Pauer; several part songs, and the "Trumpet Overture." Mr. Barnby, who conducted, has succeeded in forming a numerous choir, which requires but a little more drilling and experience to become a highly efficient choral body.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Steibelt's Studies for the Pianoforte. Edited by Jules Benedict. (Duff & Stewart.)—We have here an excellent reprint of a most valuable work which has been too much ignored among pianists. Belonging to the same period and school as the celebrated studies of John Cramer, those of Steibelt possess equal merit as compositions while embodying points of mechanical development which are not found in the studies of Cramer. As exercises in the close *cantabile* style of playing, these latter are unsurpassed; and as a basis for forming the touch and style of a pianist it has long been agreed that the studies of John Cramer are an indispensable preparation. Cramer, however, as a pianist, exquisite as was his *legato* playing and his expression in *cantabile* passages, was deficient in certain forms of mechanism which are now absolutely requisite to the pianist. He was no octave player; he could scarcely be when he laid it down as a rule that the pianist's hand should be so equable and tranquil in motion that a pencil lying across the knuckles should be undisturbed

during his performance. This is really impossible in the execution of octave passages, when the hand must take a somewhat spasmodic action. In this respect Steibelt went beyond Cramer. In the studies of the former we have a capital exercise specially devoted to the acquirement of dexterity in octave-playing (No. 22 in the book before us). Neither Cramer or Steibelt, however, have devoted one of their studies to the practice of chromatic scale passages; this being a somewhat later feature in the development of pianoforte mechanism. Among his innumerable compositions for the pianoforte his studies may compare with the best, and are superior to most. Each exercise tends to the mastery of some special mechanical difficulty, while all are imbued with a musical beauty which gives them an intrinsic value apart from their special purpose as pieces for study. To specify only a few—the religious feeling of the "Cantique" (No. 9), the expressive melodiousness of No. 11 (which Mr. Benedict entitles "Lied ohne Worte"), the bold majestic vigour of No. 14, and the airy grace of No. 15, are all admirable, viewed as musical composition. This edition has the advantage of Mr. Benedict's indication, at the head of each study, of the special object and purpose of the exercise, and is moreover enhanced by copious directions as to the proper fingering of all passages of any difficulty.

"The Village Curfew," a twilight carol, by Ch. Gounod, also from Messrs. Duff & Stewart, is one of those graceful miniature pieces of chamber vocal music of which the composer of "Faust" has produced so many examples. There is a tranquil repose and calm simplicity about this song which, with the requisite vocal expression in performance, will prove highly impressive.

That songster of the people, Mr. Henry Russell, is inexhaustible in production. Here we have another of this gentleman's lyrics, "The sea is before us," composed to words by Mr. Henri Drayton, by whom it has been made known in performance. The melody is of that staunch English character which has won so wide a popularity for many of Mr. Russell's previous ballads. Messrs. Duff & Hodgson are the publishers in this instance.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MANY erroneous statements have been circulated with regard to the size of the late Opera-house in the Haymarket, arising probably from the peculiar way in which it was built. There was a perspective effect in the front of the house which made it look much larger than it really was. In size it was really inferior to La Scala at Milan, the San Carlo at Naples, the Fenice at Venice, the Carlo Felice at Genoa, the San Carlos of Lisbon, the new Opera-house at Paris, the Lyceum of Barcelona, the new theatre at Moscow, the great theatre at the Havannah, the two great theatres at St. Petersburg, and other houses. Its seating capacity we stated last week, on the authority of the lessee, to have been under 1,700 seats, or more than 300 less than the new Queen's Theatre. Mr. Mapleson's negotiation with Drury Lane, we believe, is broken off, and his opera season will commence next year at the Lyceum.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

SIGNOR PALMIERI has written a short account of the phenomena of the recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He states that about the end of October the temperature of some of the older craters had much increased, and they sent out from time to time a considerable quantity of vapour. During the first few days of November this evolution of gases became more continuous, and the quantity of vapour given off was greater. Then the sismograph gave indications of a number of shocks of earthquakes, and finally large masses of incandescent matter were thrown out, forming four distinct cones, which were at first small, but quickly increased in size. There commenced then a regular and violent discharge of lava, which flowed along the plain of Vesuvius. Fumerolles, at the distance of 150 mètres from the point of eruption, give off carbonic acid in considerable volumes. The disturbances of the magnetic needle are frequently registered, and the sismograph records at least ten distinct shocks per day. At the time of closing his letter (17th ult.), Signor Palmieri states that the lava stream was bending round the site of the old cone at the parts where tourists ascend, and in the direction of the crater of 1855.

MM. Alvergnyat have sent in to the French Academy of Sciences a paper in which they discuss the question, Can the electric spark

pass through an absolute vacuum? and describe an apparatus recently constructed by them for the purpose of deciding this problem. They allude to M. Gassioll's instrument, in which a vacuum is produced by substituting carbonic acid for air and allowing this to be slowly absorbed by caustic potass. In the apparatus devised by the authors it is quite easy to demonstrate that the spark will not pass even for a distance of two millimetres through an absolute vacuum. In this instrument a partial vacuum is first produced by falling mercury. The tube is then heated to dull redness by means of M. Berthelot's "organic combustion lamp," and then a further vacuum is produced, until at last all air is removed. It is then found that the spark will not pass from one platinum wire to the other, even though the distance be only two millimetres.

M. Lenormant brings under the notice of the Academy an interesting papyrus, which has lately been added to the British Museum collection, and which contains a fragment of a treatise on geometry applied to surveying, illustrated by figures. M. Lenormant, who has been over here studying this relic, says that it includes a description of the modes of estimating the areas of a square, a parallelogram of various kinds of triangles, and of the computation of the area of an irregular figure by means of triangles, and of the volume of a pyramid. He refers it to the period of the XIIth dynasty, which would be contemporaneous with the reign of Solomon.

M. Flourens, whose death has been recorded in the medical journals, was unquestionably a man of great distinction in science and of almost world-wide reputation. It must, nevertheless, be said that he was an immensely overrated man. His earlier experiments on the brains of various animals did much to advance cerebral physiology, but beyond these investigations his labours have not much of lasting worth to offer us. Of late years he did very little real work, and his opinions upon the great questions of modern biology displayed an almost pusillanimity of mind and feeling. He was a thorough dogmatist, and, so far as our opinion is concerned, but a poor thinker. It seems to us, therefore, that the praises heaped upon his name in some of our journals are not only misplaced, but show an utter ignorance or a very imperfect appreciation of M. Flourens' real worth. His essay on Darwinism was one of the shallowest productions it has ever been our misfortune to be compelled to read.

An ingenious, though simple, modification of the common thermometer has been made by Mr. Moginie, of Messrs. Baker's, of Holborn. Those who delight to keep a thermometer outside their window often find that, from the position of the thermometer, there is some difficulty in perceiving the delicate thread of mercury in the tube. Mr. Moginie's contrivance obviates this. The back of the frame of the instrument, instead of being parallel to the front, is inclined to it at an angle of about 30°, and hence, when the thermometer is fastened to the side of the window, its face is directly presented to the observer, who then reads off the figures with facility.

In bringing his 50th course of geological lectures to a close the other day, Professor Sedgwick, who now numbers eighty-two years, warned his pupils against the heterodox character of modern science. Pointing his discourse with quotations from "Holy Writ" *ad libitum*, he endeavoured to prove that "the heavens declare the glory of God."

A new four-inch objective has been constructed by Messrs. Ross, of Wigmore-street, and will be found a useful instrument by those who study the structure of polyzoa and such-like creatures. It has great penetration, and of course, as in the case of other objectives, its amplifying power can be increased, either by length of draw-tube, or by deep eye-pieces.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE effect of the Fenian outrages, and the excitement they have produced in the mind of the public, has been to depress the English Funds and other securities to a large extent. The want of faith engendered by the doubtful transactions of the past, is likely to be augmented by this new impulse imparted to the downward tendency in many descriptions of securities.

The railway market is in a very depressed state. It is generally thought that before a rally can be hoped for, Government must institute searching inquiries into railway operations. The proposal to raise more capital for the Midland Railway has falsified the expectations of those who anticipated

a revival in our railway market. It is obvious that the lessons of the past are valueless to those who have the practical management of our railways in their hands. The truth is that the directors are helpless so long as the legal, engineering, and other professional staffs practically rule in these matters. Regardless of consequences, they involve the shareholders in an unproductive expenditure before they have the means of expressing an opinion on the subject. Indeed, the whole system of joint-stock management is based on erroneous principles. Until shareholders have greater facilities for knowing what is being done with their property, and become conscious of a readier method of checking that of which they do not approve, we are not likely to see any great effort from any side to obviate the difficulties with which this question is beset. Midlands continue to fall, and may be expected to go lower.

Bank stock has always been a favourite investment with a large number of people, and in consequence, has commanded unusually high prices. It does not seem to be generally understood that Bank stock is in fact but another name for Bank shares, the values of which are as much affected by the result of the trading of the Bank of England, whose capital they represent, as those of the London and Westminster, the Union, or any other similar institution. During the high rates of the recent crisis, the Bank of England enjoyed a kind of monopoly, and in consequence transacted a large and profitable business; this business has been falling off, and the profit on the amount of business recently transacted has been less than usual. During the last few months there has been some fall in the price of Bank stock, but it is still very high, and far beyond its value. Relative to the subject of banks may be instanced the satisfactory progress made in the movement in favour of a ten o'clock opening of the banks of the metropolis. A petition addressed to the committee of bankers has been already signed by a large number of the leading City houses, and another is in course of being signed by the bankers' clerks. We shall welcome the success of this movement with sincere satisfaction.

The prospectus of a New Portuguese Three per Cent. Loan for £5,500,000 was issued on Wednesday evening through the firm of Messrs. Stern Brothers. It is represented as a substitution of interior stock pledged for temporary Governmental loans, which, according to the law of the 1st July, 1867, has to be cancelled against the issue of a new loan.

Spanish New Three per Cents. have continued in good demand, owing to very large purchases having been made on Continental account. This market has been conspicuously firm amidst the general falling of other securities.

The Egyptian Nine per Cent. Loan, which is quoted at 1½ pm. is but partially taken.

The fall in the price of gold in America has stimulated the American markets. United States 5-20's have risen.

Owing to the rumours of a new Turkish loan Turkish securities are generally depressed.

All descriptions of Atlantic Telegraph stocks have been in good demand.

The market for the Peruvian Five per Cent. (1865) is well sustained.

There is no greater want in London than good markets for the supply of the necessaries of life. Open markets are extensively patronized and very deservedly approved by the poorer classes. Great success has already attended a market in Whitechapel, opened only a few days ago. The structure is of the plainest description—brick walls, tile flooring, with deal roof strengthened by iron ties, and all other fittings of a suitable and inexpensive kind. The building is 80 feet long by 60 feet wide, and the total outlay did not exceed £2,500. During one week 5,000 stone of meat were sold, and other articles in proportion. A new feature in connection with this undertaking is, the introduction of a parcels' conveyance in direct communication with all the railway stations, so that goods ordered by customers in the morning on passing to business will be delivered at the cloak-room at four o'clock the same day. The price of meat is said to be: legs and loins of mutton 5½d., shoulders 5d., and necks 4½d. per lb; beef from 5d. to 7d. per lb. for best joints—good news for housekeepers in these bad times. Another very useful feature, particularly at this season of the year, is the manufacture of 1,200 gallons of soup daily, which the company will retail at 2d. per quart. The poor have benefited by the attention which has been called in the columns of this paper and of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the use by retail tradesmen of unjust weights and measures. We anticipate not only lower prices, but just balances, as the result of opening such markets as the one in question in different parts of London. Besides which, they are amongst the few things which just now pay a good return for money.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SIR CHARLES BARRY.*

BIOGRAPHIES of eminent men will be generally found interesting to a twofold class of readers. There are those who scan the details of a private life with mere curiosity, wondering how far the particulars disclosed in it may correspond with the popular estimate of a wide-spread reputation, hailing each anecdote or published letter as another glimpse behind the scenes, and deriving an almost puerile satisfaction from the fact that they often proclaim a genius to be, from a social point of view, subject to the same impulses, vicissitudes, and influences as the rest of mankind. To others, however, such a memoir has a far more weighty significance. The social details of a character which the world has hitherto only recognised from without, will indeed command their attention. But the relations in which such a character stands with the duties of life that helped to develop it—the influences which it brought to bear upon matters of public interest or welfare—the intrinsic value, in short, of such a life to the world, or at least to the country which gave it birth—these are points of deeper, and indeed of paramount, importance.

Sir Charles Barry was a man of whom it may be said that he found his mission early, and did his very best to discharge its functions. On the part of the unprofessional public, a great deal of ignorance exists as to the nature of an architect's calling. To the mere dilettante he appears in the light of a gentleman who has devoted himself to the study of ancient monuments, who has the dates and peculiarities of every style at his fingers ends, and whose sole occupation consists in covering sheets of drawing paper with the inventions of a luxuriant fancy. On the other hand, there are hard, unromantic people of business who imagine an architect to be little better than a superior kind of builder, just conversant with the price of labour and strength of material, whose business is to plan whatever their taste may dictate, and whom it is necessary to keep in proper control, lest the cost of his design, when executed, should exceed the prudential limits of their purse. The truth is that to a great extent, both these views are right and both are wrong. If ever there was a profession in which the qualities of an artist were necessarily incorporated with those of a man of business, it is in that of architecture. Whenever they are disunited the result is comparative failure. Barry possessed them both in an eminent degree, and his career was therefore one of complete success. Born of parents in the middle class of life, but of good fortune, he had the advantage at an early age of acquiring habits of industry without suffering from the drawbacks which a want of means might have imposed in regard to his professional studies. At the age of three-and-twenty, having previously served his time as an articled pupil in the office of a London firm, he left England for the Continent, where he travelled for some time alone, visiting the principal cities of southern Europe, and especially devoting himself to the study of the Italian school of architecture, and thus cultivating a taste of which he has left behind him so many worthy records. He next visited Greece and Turkey in company with Messrs. Kinnaid, Johnson, and Eastlake, the late President of the Royal Academy. He afterwards extended his travels to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, returning home in August, 1820, after three years of most profitable study and not uninteresting adventure. At Rome he had made the acquaintance of two men whose friendship was destined to prove very useful to him at a later period,—Mr. Wolfe, a brother architect, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, one of his kindest and earliest patrons.

The first works of any importance undertaken by Barry were two churches—one at Prestwich, and the other at Campfield, Manchester. As may be supposed, neither they nor many other similar buildings designed by the same hand will stand the test of modern criticism. But it must be remembered that during the early part of this century the revival of Gothic architecture was a fact hardly dreamt of in the philosophy of art, and though in the Houses of Parliament Barry has left behind him a monument of that revival more remarkable from its size and national character than any building which this century will see erected in England, there is no doubt that the tendency of his private taste and the inventive excellence of his skill lay in an opposite direction.

In the year 1829 he entered into a select competition, not without misgivings as to his success, for the design of the Travellers' Club. "Fortunately," says his biographer, "he was mistaken, and no sooner was the building carried out than

its erection was recognised as a real and important step in artistic progress. Italian architecture was already making its way in England; but it was observed at the time by a favourable critic that 'Barry's Italian differed from much of that which had preceded it, as the perfection of language differs from mere *patois*.'" In 1837 he was again called on to exercise his talent in a design for the well-known Reform Club. These buildings have both been criticised as plagiarisms, and no doubt bear a considerable resemblance in their principal elevations to the Farnese Palace and to the Villa Pandolfini. But absolute copies, whether in detail or in general proportions, they certainly are not, and if every modern building in London which does not claim to be perfectly original in design is to be condemned, we scarcely know what severer censure is to be reserved for those which rest their merits on the unalloyed taste of the nineteenth century. As may be supposed, such important commissions as these soon led to others in London and the provinces, which are too well known to need description here, and indeed we have barely space in such a brief notice as the present to do more than mention a few of Barry's principal works. Bridgewater House, built for the Earl of Ellesmere in 1847 was the last of his great Italian buildings in London, and while this was in course of erection he was employed to remodel the Government offices at Whitehall, which now exhibit a *façade* approaching (whatever its faults may be) more nearly to the dignity of street architecture than any other block of public buildings which has been of late erected in the metropolis.

Halifax Town-hall; Walton House—rebuilt for the Earl of Tankerville; Lord Carnarvon's mansion at Highclere, in Berkshire; Trentham Hall, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland; Shrubland Park, Suffolk; Birmingham Grammar School (a specimen of revived Tudor architecture), and a host of other works, both public and private, would have enabled him to leave behind a distinguished name. But the great success of his life—and a success with which that name will be for ever associated, was the selection of his design for the new Parliament Houses after the old building had been destroyed by fire in 1834. The history of this Government competition, with all its collateral circumstances and correspondence, would alone suffice to fill a volume larger than the one before us, and we take this opportunity of congratulating its author on the ingenuity with which he has managed to condense the information that was required under this head. It is unnecessary to remind our readers of the conditions which led Barry to adopt for his design a style with whose graces he had hitherto had little sympathy. But he may perhaps be excused for insisting on the fact that his design, whatever its merits may have been, was, except perhaps in certain details, all his own. If the lengthy correspondence which a few months ago served to fill the columns of the *Times* has raised any question as to the authorship of that design, we cannot do better than refer our readers to a letter which the late Mr. Pugin addressed to the *Builder* on September 3rd, 1845, and in which he distinctly disclaims any individual responsibility in the matter, and publicly states that he is engaged by Mr. Barry to assist in preparing working drawings and models from his designs of all the wood carvings and internal decorations. . . . "in fine," his "occupation is simply to assist in carrying out *his* (Mr. Barry's) *own designs and views in all respects*." Now it is indeed within the bounds of possibility that in making this statement Mr. Pugin wrote that which he knew to be utterly untrue. But, we must add, that such a misrepresentation of the real facts of the case is in the highest degree improbable, and that his warmest friends might feel ashamed of enhancing his professional reputation by supposing him to have been guilty of a deliberate falsehood.

We must here conclude our notice of an interesting volume, ably and judiciously written, free from the ostentatious parade which too frequently detracts from the literary value of such works, well printed, well illustrated, creditable alike to its author and to the zealous artist whose well-spent life forms the subject of its pages.

A HERO'S WORK.*

IN "A Casual Acquaintance" Mrs. Duffus Hardy committed the mistake, not an uncommon one, of supposing that because a horrible circumstance has occurred in real life, it is a fitting subject for a novel. In her present work she draws upon sources of interest which lie within the range of ordinary experience, and which, if they are not startling in point of effect, have the advantage of not being so in point of improbability. Why should writers of novels so often go out of their way for

* The Life and Works of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., F.R.S., &c. By the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of Cheltenham College, London. John Murray.

* A Hero's Work. By Mrs. Duffus Hardy, Author of "A Casual Acquaintance." Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

strange incidents when there is ready to their hands, in the simplest events of life, so much that is of undying interest? There is an excuse for the sensational when it is well done. No one can regret that Mr. Wilkie Collins wrote the "Woman in White," that masterpiece of sensational writing for which its own author has toiled in vain to produce a rival. Still, notwithstanding the power of construction displayed in that novel, and the wonderful creation of Count Fosco, we do not recur to it with the same sense of pleasure with which we look back on such a work as Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters." If we descend lower in the sensational school to such writers as Miss Braddon, with all their undoubted cleverness, we have to add to the fever heat of the narrative, and the improbability of the incidents, much that on more important grounds than the art of novel-writing is objectionable. And when all is done, the very result for which nature has been outraged and propriety too often shocked, namely, the creation of an interest which will hold the reader's attention, is not so well attained as it is by the painting of men and women as they really are. As they affect us in life either by repulsion or attraction, they will affect us in a novel, if the mirror is held up to nature. Our interests, indeed, will be awakened by them more easily in the latter case than in the former. We are not always enthusiastic about the heroes of real life; and the sayings and doings of lovers, which are so charming in three volumes, are generally voted dull work to lookers on, in the flesh. But it is not every writer who can hold the mirror as it should be held. Mr. Thackeray tells you the end of his story in the first chapter. This hero is to come into such an estate; that pair of lovers are to be married. You need have no anxiety about them, and one would think that your interest in the result would vanish with your suspense about it. But it is not so. He holds you by the strength of your emotions and his power over them. In the same way his gifted daughter has no need of striking incidents to call her readers round her and make them listen to her story. She enchains them by the sympathy she awakens in their breasts for the humanity of her characters. They are not puppets dressed up and put in this or that attitude to help the development of a plot; they are living men and women, feeling as we have felt, suffering or rejoicing as we have rejoiced and suffered. And by this magic link of sympathy we are made almost to forget that we are readers. We step down from our seat in the auditorium and mingle with the players. We, too, have a part in the performance. And when it is all over, when we have closed the book and put it by, do we look back on the characters as on the creatures of fancy? Do we not rather regard them as beings that have lived, that are living still, in this or the next street, warm with our own life-blood? How many Elizabeths are there this day in England? how many lonely little Catherinees? Has Cousin Phillis died with Mrs. Gaskell? or are there no more Molly Gibsons in the world than she whom Roger Hamley married?

It is to Mrs. Hardy's credit that she has in her present novel aimed at the higher sources of interest from which such characters were drawn. Nothing can be simpler than her story, nothing more unaffectedly told. When we ask ourselves what it is that has carried us through a thousand pages of print, we do not recall a single instance of meretricious effort to keep alive our attention. Nor can the interest be said to depend much upon the plot. There is plenty of action, but it is not so built up as to create suspense or awaken curiosity; nor is the treatment of that dramatic kind which would supply the want of an ingeniously-constructed story. Mrs. Hardy has evidently relied upon the development of character for her hold upon the reader, and her trust has not been vain. There is always a charm about rectory beauties and dashing young officers, and a stepmother like Mrs. Carlton cannot fail to please, if only for the generosity of a portraiture so opposite to the conventional type. A scapegrace son who nobly redeems his reputation is one of the most lifelike portraitures in the book; and though we cannot agree with Mrs. Hardy in thinking that a youth who forges his father's name to a bill of exchange, and breaks open his desk to get the money to meet it with, has fallen solely because he and his father never thoroughly understood each other, she yet asserts a golden truth when she shows the influence for good which a fine nature may exert over a corrupted one, if it will enter into its weakness and temptations, and respect it, fallen as it is. This is done with happy effect by Mrs. Carlton, and one of the most striking scenes in the novel is that in which she detects her stepson rifling his father's desk. Indeed, Mrs. Carlton is the second Providence of the story, and is only defective inasmuch as she is too good, and too ready to fly to the post of danger wherever it is to be found. One is apt to fear that the worthy rector, her husband, had a hard time of it with her restless

benevolence, and must often have wished that there had been a ninth beatitude in favour of wives who mind their own business. A similar tendency to excess is seen in the character of Madame de Fontaine. Was there ever such a wanton, purposeless old tyrant? How much more effective would her daughter Adrienne's character have been had the foil come a little more within the range of nature! There are young women like Adrienne, but we have no belief in such an old woman as her mother; so powerful and petty, throwing away so much grand dominance of will on such miserable results, and out of a spirit of Christianity driving her daughter visibly to destruction. Natural as Adrienne is, and interesting with all her waywardness, she has an impossible look about her because she has not come to be what she is by a natural development. Indeed, the whole inner life of the family at the Manor House is an exaggeration, and we are puzzled to account for the apparent mystery which covers them in the beginning of the story, and the readiness with which they at once throw open the closet and exhibit the skeleton when Mrs. Carlton visits them. All this is the more to be regretted inasmuch as a more truthful conception of the French mother would have heightened the effect of the most skilfully developed character in the book, that of Adrienne, and would have added to the pathos of a catastrophe which is finely imagined and touchingly described. But notwithstanding these faults there is a freshness of feeling, a wholesomeness of moral atmosphere in this novel, and, above all, a sympathy with what is good and noble in human conduct which deserve the highest praise. We could wish that our lady writers would follow the example it sets of a reliance upon the best of our emotions, instead of pandering to the depraved taste which likes to gloat over some of the worst. No woman need blush to read it; nor will it be found dull, though the heroine is neither a bigamist nor a murderess. Its interest is drawn from the well of natural emotion undefiled, and it is fairly entitled to take rank amongst the most earnest and successful novels of the season.

BOYS' BOOKS.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It is quite impossible to give an account of so many books in one article. But then most of the books give an account of themselves, and their title-pages are a sufficient guide to the parental purchaser. We might almost fling the books down on the table and let boys and girls scramble for them. We may be sure that the bigger boys would confine themselves to some of the first on the list, and that the younger boys would not dispute their right to such a monopoly. As for the girls, they must know that stories about school would be stories out of school if told to them, and that sea-fights are not legitimate in their attractions. We have met with maiden aunts who thought the navy a fine profession, but they had never cared to belong to it. Perhaps it is fortunate that they felt no such desire. Promotion for men would be much slower if ladies could compete with them, as we remember from the old song of "Billy Taylor" that his sweetheart had scarcely joined the ship when she was made first lieutenant. It will be as well on all accounts that the girls should confine themselves to the study of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's little book, with an occasional dip into *Chatterbox* or "Aunt Louisa." Indeed, none of these books are specially intended for girls; there is no reason why they should not all be taken in hand by the sterner sex of the future.

We must admit, however, that the majority of the present batch of books cannot be ranked with boys' books proper. Many of them are purely children's books, and might therefore claim a separate article under that heading. But we do not intend to give them one. After all, though some people may doubt it, even boys were once children. They have not ceased to be children so long as to have lost all sympathy with their

- * The Boys of Beechwood. By Mrs. Eiloart.—Archie Blake. By Mrs. Eiloart. London: Routledge.
- Schooldays at Saxonhurst. By One of the Boys. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
- Sea-fights, from Sluys to Navarino. By Mrs. E. Valentine. London: F. Warne & Co.
- Every Boy's Book. Edited by Edmund Routledge. London: Routledge.
- A Bushel of Merry Thoughts. By Wilhelm Busch and Harry Rogers. London: Low, Son, & Marston.
- Old Merry's Annual. Old Merry's Christmas Party. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.
- Queer Little People. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.
- Chatterbox for 1867. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke. London: W. Macintosh.
- The Children's Prize for 1867. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke. London: W. Macintosh.
- Aunt Louisa's Keepsake. With illustrations in Oil Colours. London: F. Warne & Co.

former state of existence. They still retain lingering partialities for childish delicacies. The gulf which separates them from children is not equally great in all directions. For once they must admit their juniors to a share of the sport, and must not complain if some of their books are given up to others. We may state at once which of the works on our list are to be treated thus. "Aunt Louisa's Keepsake" is a very gorgeous book for the young, with plenty of highly-coloured pictures. The Christmas story about a robin, which appears in the company of Robin Hood, and of the celebrated song of sixpence that had such a disastrous ending for a royal laundry-maid, is a very pretty little poem. The two collections, called *Chatterbox* and *The Children's Friend*, are also meant for young children, and have the additional recommendation to some families of being adapted for Sunday reading. We next come to a few books which form a debateable land between childhood and boyhood. "Old Merry's Annual" and "Old Merry's Christmas Party" answer to this definition. They are suited to a great many differences of age and character. Some of the stories they contain are thoroughly boyish; others again are simpler, and suited to younger apprehensions. The prevailing tone of the "Christmas Party" is dictated by the majority, not in numbers, but in weight and influence. We must be prepared for boyish pranks when we find that the cupboard in which the gas-meter is kept is locked up beforehand, "as on a previous occasion much inconvenience was caused by one of the visitors having turned off the gas." And when we come to the tales narrated by some of the guests, we find adventure predominating in a way that is unmistakable. It was a good idea of "Old Merry" to ask such storytellers as Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, and others of the same stamp, to his party. It was still better his telling them to come with their stories already written, and to write on such subjects as the icebergs of the Polar Sea, the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and wreckers on the south coast of England. Guests who bring with them narratives like these would be popular at any children's party.

We cannot distinctly say what is the right age for reading Mrs. Stowe's pleasant little sketches. It appears to us, however, that all who can relish Hans Andersen will appreciate one who must remind them of him. The story of the Hen that hatched Ducks will make many think of the ugly duckling. There are other fables of much the same stamp, though all of them bear distinct traces of their Transatlantic origin. The illustrations by Wilhelm Busch to the "Bushel of Merry Thoughts" are as distinctively German. They represent four histories, three of which are full of warnings to the young. In the first two naughty boys pester the cynic sage who made his abode in a tub. They knock at the door of his tub, and disturb his meditations. They squirt at him through the bunghole, and wash away all his philosophy. They roll his tub along the ground, and the sage goes over and over within it, like the wicked prince in a fairy story. But then comes a terrible retribution. Two nails catch the boys' clothing, they are carried aloft with the tub, and are crushed flat as it comes over. Boys who are of an age to appreciate English caricatures will find these German ones too primitive. But younger children will not be so discriminating, and will probably make a vow never to attack a philosopher for fear of being rolled out as flat as pancakes.

After this we come to books which really answer to our title. There cannot be a doubt for whom Mrs. Eiloart's two stories are intended. The Boys of Beechwood are three in number, and of at least thirty-boy power in mischief. Even the mildest, who is clerk in an attorney's office, keeps a live hedgehog, a tame mouse, and a harmless snake, in the tin-box that should be devoted to the title-deeds of the clergyman whose name it bears. Of course, the three domestic creatures get out one day when the attorney and an esteemed client are in the room; the mouse bites the client's toe, the snake wreathes itself round the attorney's arm, and the client who has taken off his boot and is going for help, treads on the hedgehog. If this is the gentlest of the practical jokes played in the book, our youthful readers will expect a good deal from those which are of a more boisterous character. And they will not be disappointed. Filling tarpaulin bags with muddy water, and lowering them down a chimney, so as to produce first smoke and then a drenching; painting a white star on a cow's breast and tipping her horns with gold leaf, so as to make her resemble a very notorious bull, and to frighten an obnoxious uncle in the dusk of the evening; choking some people with flour-bags, and pumping with fire-engines on others, are among the pranks played by the Beechwood urchins. Mrs. Eiloart enters into all these tricks with becoming spirit. She is wholly on the side of the boys, and if the elder people were drowned

instead of being merely ducked, she would not have a tear for them. She would tell them, perhaps, that they had too much of water already. In this they would no doubt agree with her. But if they meet with no sympathy from the author of their miseries, they can hardly look to us with more confidence. All the tears that we can give them are wrung out of our eyes by overpowering laughter. "Archie Blake" is another story by the same author, and the scene of it is laid on the sea-coast. Smuggling is the chief spice imparted to it, but not smuggling of a daring kind; and the adventure in the lighthouse, which at first seems promising, ends more tamely than might have been expected. We have another story of school-boy life in the book called "School-days at Saxonhurst," with a frontispiece in which hampers are unpacked, and a title-page on which claret is drawn. There are some novelties in the way of meals and punishments in the story, but we do not think it adds to our knowledge of boyish natures. As a rule, every school has its peculiar ways and its peculiar dishes. The dishes in vogue at Saxonhurst are "salt horse," "stewed dog," and "gas tarts"—all of them eminently savoury and suggestive. But when one of the boys makes a complaint of the food, he is summarily put down by the head master. And as a good many "pandies" are administered on small provocation, the school seems altogether rather stern and uncomfortable. However, the boys manage to survive the application of leather to their hands as well as to their stomachs; and if Saxonhurst is a real place, it will probably learn something from this publicity.

The two remaining books on our table are somewhat more solid and more general. Mrs. Valentine's collection of sea-fights will certainly be popular, as it deserves to be. The chief naval battles since England could boast wooden walls, down to the time when wood was changed to iron, are briefly and intelligibly described. Of course, some of these engagements are familiar to every one, while others are mere names, their details being almost forgotten. Mrs. Valentine has taken advantage of this to impress the most familiar battles firmly on the memory, while giving fewer facts about those which have not achieved for themselves an equal celebrity. Last of all, we have "Every Book's Book," a complete encyclopædia, as it calls itself, of sports and amusements. Considering that it begins with hop step and jump, and then goes through simple outdoor games, simple indoor games, toys, athletic sports, croquet, fencing, sailing, and swimming, to chemistry, magnetism, and pneumatics; that it gives a list of domestic pets; instructs boys in the arts of boat-building, carpentering, and making fireworks; teaches them the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and sets them up as complete conjurors, we think this boast of Mr. Edmund Routledge's is fully justified. But we cannot review an encyclopædia at the end of an article, even if we possessed the requisite knowledge. And it is not likely that if we were authorities on hopscotch, we should know much about electricity. It is enough for us that we like to see boys play the one, and that scientific education sometimes dates from a youth which is fed on the fairy tales of science. Mr. Routledge has encouraged both of these instincts, and the result of his calling his book "Every Boy's Book," coupled with the nature of its contents, will make every boy insist on realizing such a laudable intention.

WONDERFUL INVENTIONS.*

THE marvels of science, like the marvels of nature, have always found plenty of authors willing to tell of them; but somehow or other few have succeeded in performing what they proposed, well. To a man acquainted with the technicalities of science, and appealing to an advanced audience, it does not seem a very difficult task to trace the progress of inventions from any date that may choose to be fixed on. To write well, however, on science in terms which shall be intelligible to all is another matter. This Mr. Timbs in the work before us has done, and done well. It is a book which may be read with instruction by the old as well as by the young; and, considering the variety of its contents, the difficulty of making oneself clear on subjects which are complicated through the many suggestions that have aided in their elaboration, we hold this to be high praise.

It is plain that before the present work could have been compiled much patient labour must have been spent. In some of his other books Mr. Timbs has been very liberal with the scissors. Here, where perhaps that method of bookmaking would have been less reprehensible, we have a great deal of

* Wonderful Inventions. By John Timbs. London: George Routledge & Sons.

original writing. An account of the Mariner's Compass opens the volume. Here is an extract:—

"The earliest mention in English records of the primitive Mariner's Compass is that by Alexander Neckham, who describes the same in his 'Treatise on Things pertaining to Ships.' Neckham was born at St. Albans in 1157. A translation of his works, from the Latin, was published in 1866. In the reign of Edward III., the magnet was known by the name of the *sail-stone*, or *adamant*, and the compass was called the *sailing-needle* or *dial*, though it is long after this period before we find the word *Compass*. A ship called the *Plenty* sailed from Hull in 1338, and we find that she was steered by the *sailing-stone*. In 1345 another entry occurs of one of the King's ships called the *George*, bringing over sixteen horologies from Slays, in Normandy, and that money had been paid at the same place for twelve stones, called *adamants*, or *sail-stones*, for repairing divers instruments pertaining to a ship."

Mr. Timbs quotes very few of his authorities. Had he done so he might have encumbered his book, it is true; at the same time he would have made his evidence more trustworthy. However, we must take his word for all that he says, and, as far as our knowledge goes of wonderful inventions, we see no reason to doubt the correctness of his assertions. In addition to the wonderful invention just referred to, we have lighthouses, lifeboats, the barometer, the thermometer, printing, the telescope, gunpowder, and lots of other proofs of the immortality of the soul. Copious extracts from Dr. Russell's account of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph conclude the volume. We wish Mr. Timbs would abandon the habit of quoting so much from newspapers. We beg to assure him that such authorities are neither classic nor standard. He has written too much not to be sensible of the weakening effect that such extracts produce in his books; and surely he has written long enough to know how vain is this effort to conciliate the criticism of the press.

MR. SPROUTS.*

In spite of his published writings, there can be no doubt that Artemus Ward was a true humorist. Whoever had an opportunity of observing his manner, and the expression of his face and eye, must have been satisfied that Artemus Ward had some slightly diviner faculty than that of putting things in an absurd light, or the lesser gift of eccentric phrasing. If we do not mistake, the publisher of Mr. Whiteing's book was good enough to inform us, some time ago, by means of an advertisement, that the forthcoming volume was not unworthy to be placed by the side of the writings of Artemus Ward. We have no hesitation whatever in expressing our conviction that the opinions of Mr. Sprouts claim and deserve a considerably higher rank. The reader of Mr. Whiteing's book will not go far before he discovers that there is in it something else than the mere surface-fun of its pages, that the author writes with an evident purpose, and that the quaint odd utterances are those of a profoundly sensitive and observant man. There is something strange and striking in the mere idea of hiding a delicate emotional organization beneath the coarse clown's mask of a costermonger; and there is no doubt that many of the finest and most dramatic passages in the book have been rendered possible only by such a combination. Take, for instance, the admirable paper on the Orissa famine, which is, undoubtedly, one of the best examples of the book:—

"'Oh, Josef,' says Betsy, 'two million people starved to death! What has the Queen bin doin', and where was the Housis of Parlyment, and what was the Government a thinkin' of, and what did all the clergymen in the House of Lords say; and where was the generals of the army, and where was the ships of the navy—where was everybody that had the power to order, and the wherewithal to give, while two million of people was bein' starved to death?' You see, she is a simple, uneducated creetur', and talks very much as her digestion guides her. 'The Queen, my dear,' I sez, 'has bin in retirement, and the Housis o' Parlyment was bizzy phessunt-shootin', and the Government was a suing Mr. Snider, and the clergy had their exhibition of Roming candles and clothes, and the generals was a lookin' arter their pickles, and the ships was tryin' experriments with a patent gun. Everywhere—everywhere, as the papers sez, man has been actin' and progressive, and the pleasin' result is thirteen shots a minnit, and a broadside of two hundred and fifty pounders with the chill off.' 'And what have you bin doin', you old hidget?' sez Betsy. I was rayther upset by the question, but I set it down to her ignorance, poor creetur, so I simply said, 'I have bin tryin' to be literary, my dear.' 'And all the other poets and paper smiters—where was they?' cries she, a stampin' with her foot, 'while the bowels of a couple o' million of the Almighty's creeturs was wastin' away for want of food?' 'Chiefly subscribing to the Eyre Fund,' sez I, enterin' a dignified protest agin the tyranny of numbers. 'You have got a very poor head for figgers, Mrs. Sprouts,' I sez, 'or you wouldn't ask sich foolish questions.'"

Mr. Sprouts' sketch of his own Reform Bill is very clever and

* Mr. Sprouts: his Opinions. By Richard Whiteing. London: John Camden Hotten.

quaint, and his description of a Derby-day is exceedingly amusing, though in the latter he frequently runs into one or two of the ordinary grooves of caricature. His essay on "Glorious War" reminds us too much of Professor Teufelsdröckh's speculations. The reader of the volume, however, should take care to avoid accusing Mr. Whiteing of certain defects of sympathy which Mr. Sprouts evinces for opinions, beliefs, and customs differing from his own. These weaknesses of prejudice are part of the character of the costermonger, the writer of these essays; and so admirable is that character, and so full of smart satire, kindly fun, and clever writing are the essays, that we cannot do less than cordially recommend the book to our readers.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.*

"THE Nonconformist's Sketch-Book," which was originally published in the year 1841, has for many years been out of print, and as many statements made in the book, though true enough at that date, have ceased to be applicable at the present day owing to the great changes which have taken place during the last twenty years in ecclesiastical matters, Mr. Miall had no intention of republishing his book, till he was almost forced to do so by the conduct of his enemies. At the recent Bradford election the walls of that town were placarded with a double string of isolated passages from this book, the one calculated to prejudice Churchmen against Mr. Miall, and the other to affect Dissenters in a similar manner. The author accordingly made up his mind to issue a new edition of the book, hoping that those isolated passages, when read in connection with their context, may appear less objectionable. The original work is reproduced without any alterations or notes. The importance which the question of the separation of the Church from the State has now assumed will cause many persons to read Mr. Miall's Sketch-Book, in which they will find arguments deserving of their deepest consideration.

Mr. John P. Brown, who, during a long residence in Constantinople as Secretary and Dragoman of the Legation of the United States of America in that city, has had superior opportunities for the study of Oriental Spiritualism, has, with the assistance of certain friends of his who are members of various Dervish orders, in the volume before us given a most exhaustive account of the Dervishes—both as to their belief and principles and as to their various modes of worship. The author's intimate acquaintance with the Turkish, Arabic, and other Oriental languages has enabled him to consult many authorities which are within the reach of but few, and to give much original and at the same time accurate information as to the strange subjects of his study. We may remark that Mr. Brown has the merit of being the first writer who has devoted a book to the Dervishes exclusively.

Messrs. Lockwood & Co. have just issued a new edition of their "Boy's Own Book," which is sure to have a large sale at this time, as it is a most suitable book for a present. It deserves its description of "A Complete Encyclopædia of Sports and Pastimes, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative," for it includes all kinds of games, from marbles to chess and from cricket to billiards; athletic and aquatic sports are treated of in an interesting manner, and while natural history and science receive due prominence, even the art of the conjuror is not neglected.

Mr. Howard's work on Gymnastics is suited for more advanced athletic students. In the present edition the number of exercises has been much increased, while some which were considered too dangerous have been omitted. We are happy to learn that gymnastics are beginning to receive more of the attention due to them than they have hitherto enjoyed in this country, and we have little doubt that they will ultimately be regarded as an indispensable portion of the education of young people. This book is well and copiously illustrated, and will supply a want long felt.

The despised race of cats have gained a warm and pains-taking defender in Mr. Charles H. Ross, who, in his "Chit-Chat Chronicle," has collected a great number of amusing anecdotes concerning his feline favourites, and has exposed the popular errors with

* The Nonconformist's Sketch-Book: a Series of Views, classified in four groups, of a State Church and its attendant Evils. By Edward Miall. New Edition. London: Arthur Miall.

The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism. By John P. Brown. London: Trübner & Co.

The Boy's Own Book. A New Edition. London: Lockwood & Co.

Gymnasts and Gymnastics. By John H. Howard. Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Book of Cats: a Chit-Chat Chronicle of Feline Facts and Fancies, Legendary, Lyrical, Medical, Mirthful, and Miscellaneous. By Charles H. Ross. London: Griffith & Farran.

Told in the Twilight: Short Stories for Long Evenings. By Sidney Daryl. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Abdallah; or, the Four-Leaved Shamrock. By E. R. Lefebvre-Laboulaye. Translated by Mary L. Booth. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

The Regular Service. By the Author of "Copsley Annals," &c. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

Barefooted Birdie: a Simple Tale for Christmas. By T. O'T. Edited by Chas. Felix. Second Edition, Revised. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

The Leisure Hour, 1867. The Sunday at Home, 1867. London: The Religious Tract Society.

regard to these animals, into which even such a naturalist as Buffon has fallen. The book, with its comical illustrations, will prove very amusing to the young, while older readers will find the first chapter, in which the author treats of the various significations of the word "cat," and, in fact, most parts of the book, very interesting. The author thus explains the origin of the popular expression, "to let the cat out of the bag." "It was once upon a time the trick of a countryman to bring a cat to market in a bag, and substitute it for a sucking pig in another bag, which he sold to the unwary when he got a chance. If the trick was discovered prematurely, it was called letting the cat out of the bag—if not, he that made the bad bargain was said to have bought a pig in a poke."

"Told in the Twilight" consists of eight short stories, six of which have before been published in *Aunt Judy's* and other magazines, while the remaining two now make their appearance in public for the first time. These stories are intended for juvenile readers, and one and all contain good moral lessons. We should have liked them better if the language had been somewhat simpler. This little volume is elegantly got up, and most tastefully bound; but we cannot say much in favour of the illustrations, which are stiff and ungraceful.

A translation, by an American lady, of M. Laboulaye's charming Arabian romance of "Abdallah" has been selected by the editor of the "Bayard Series" to form the fifth volume of that collection. M. Laboulaye, who is a member of the Institute of France and of the French Academy, has gained a wide-spread reputation by many important works which he has written on law and political science. He has lately written some light works as a relief from his sterner labours; his "Contes Bleus," a collection of fairy tales which appeared in 1863, have been much admired; and "Abdallah," which was the author's earliest effort, we believe, in romantic literature, deserves the highest praise both for the Oriental colouring which the author has succeeded in imparting to it, and for its graceful and easy style. The translation is smoothly and carefully done.

In "The Regular Service," we have a neatly and simply written religious tale suited for children. It is the story of a poor errand-boy, without father or mother, who gets into the hands of a good clergyman, by whom he is baptized, and also raised considerably in the social scale. The story of Reuben Inch (such is the poor boy's name), cannot fail to interest and improve young readers.

The pathetic little Christmas tale of "Barefooted Birdie" has, in the second edition, received from the artist, printer, and binder, all the attractions required to make it one of the prettiest of the many pretty little Christmas books which we have seen this season. And we may say that the story is worthy of the adornments by which it is so plentifully surrounded—a statement which could not be truly made with regard to many of the gift-books which have lately come under our notice.

The volume of the *Leisure Hour* for 1867, which we have before us, is characterized by all that diversity of subjects, and high tone of morality, and copiousness and excellence of illustrations which have placed this magazine amongst the foremost of cheap periodicals, while many of the general articles are such as would do no discredit to magazines of much higher pretensions. The present volume contains several illustrations, either coloured or on toned paper, some of which possess great merit; and the ordinary illustrations are as numerous and superior as of old.

We have also before us the present year's volume of the *Sunday at Home*, which occupies in religious literature a similar position to that occupied by the *Leisure Hour* in secular literature, and deserves equally warm commendation. Both these volumes reflect great credit on the Religious Tract Society.

SHORT NOTICES.

Poetry of the Year. (Charles Griffin & Co.)

This is one of those elaborate Christmas volumes, to the production of which publishers seem to devote their whole labours utterly regardless of expense. To do it full justice, however, we must confess to not having seen a more handsome volume for a long time. The illustrations to the poets contained in it are chromolithographed from original designs by eminent men, amongst whom occur the names of Foster, Creswick, David Cox, and others. Of these designs it is hard to know which to pronounce the best. The fault of chromolithography is a too great vividness of colouring. The result is a garish and over-brilliant effect. This may be seen in the illustration to Thomson (p. 43), where the primal design of the artist, Mr. Harrison Weir, complete and admirable in itself, is marred by the bold, coarse greenery of the trees and river banks. The illustration to Charlotte Smith's "A Walk by the Water" is tame. The perspective to this picture is wholly thrown out by the brilliant colouring of the background. Turning to p. 65 we are delighted by an exquisite little piece, the work of T. Creswick. There is a discrimination in the employment of the colouring of this picture that imparts to it the mellowness and luxury of oil-painting. Here the green, vivid when removed from its surroundings, is subdued and made harmonious by the artistic and fine

effects of which it is the conspicuous and central colour. There is something singularly inviting and refreshing in this scene. A quiet lake, mirroring in its blue depths an overarching clump of trees. A brown country road, leading to hills whose dainty outlines are finely marked against the white, summer sky. Very choice, too, is Mr. Wolf's illustration to "A Wild Deer." The colouring of the sky is remarkable; the attitude of the lonely deer, majestically sniffing the warm, sweet evening air, and the foreshortening of the hinder part of the body are worthy of the pencil of Landseer. There is a certain incongruity in the disposition of the figures in the illustration by "E. V. B." which is not pleasing. Moreover, the many shadows in the room full of children give too much fullness to the scene, and make us long to disembarass the artistic effect by more light and less grouping. The nakedness of the foreground does not harmonize well with the choked-up appearance at the back. Mr. Davidson's illustration to "The Angler's Wish" is pretty and effective. He presents us with a scene which well illustrates the quaint, rippling lines of old Izaak Walton, and which would have delighted the heart of the old angler. A little less colouring of green, however, would have further perfected this charming little bit. The frontispiece to the volume is the least agreeable picture in the book. In details it is correct enough; yet the general effect is that of crudeness and want of harmony. There is a good deal of freshness in the illustration to "Spring." The frisking sheep, and the three children running, are figures full of animation and enjoyment. We could have wished to see a little less of such an old-fashioned and dull poet as Thomson in this book. His "ethereal mildness" is by no means inviting, nor can we see why he should have been made so liberal in his extracts when other and more modern poets are at hand to give us brighter fancies on the same subjects in more musical language. We cannot part with this book, however, without particularly inviting the attention of our readers to it. As an elegant volume for the drawing-room table, or as a Christmas present, it takes a conspicuous place amongst the best of the books of the season.

Double Acrostics by Amateurs. Edited by T. S. A. (Simpkin & Marshall.)

We suppose that there must be a demand for acrostics, otherwise there would not be such a copious supply. They form a very innocent kind of entertainment, and as we never find their merit to be of a literary kind, we suppose they must look for success from the ingenuity with which they are devised. They are a kind of fashion just now, and we doubt not serve their end in beguiling the monotony of many a domestic evening. The present little volume of acrostics seems no better nor worse than the other little volumes that we have before had occasion to notice. We are always puzzled to know where people are to find the answers, but we suppose the keys are procurable somewhere or other.

The Post Office London Directory, 1868. (Kelly & Co.)
Letts's Diaries for 1868. (Letts, Son, & Co.)

We need do little more than announce the annual reappearance of these admirable publications. The "Directory" has been corrected up to December 3rd, and is therefore as complete as care and vigilance could make it. The Diaries of Messrs. Letts are of various sizes, and full of useful arrangements for the man of business.

The Naturalist's Notebook for 1867. (Office: Raquet-court, Fleet-street.)

The first volume of this "monthly record of anecdotes, theories, and facts relating to natural science" is just out, and presents an admirable collection of miscellaneous knowledge in the great departments of astronomy, meteorology, botany, ethnology, geography, geology, zoology, &c. The mind must be dull indeed which could not find matter for entertainment and food for thought in its pages, and many will read it from the first to the last with no small increase of their acquaintance with the varied phenomena of life.

LITERARY NOTES.

By THE TATLER.

MR. EDWARD ARBER, Associate of King's, and one of the pupils of Professor Morley, is editing a complete and perfect reissue, at very small prices—chiefly in sixpenny or shilling volumes—of the masterpieces and minor works of the great English authors, just as they left the authors' hands. "Except," writes Mr. Arber, "that the original *corrigenda* will be previously applied to it, and its abbreviations expanded, the text (taken, in all possible cases, direct from those editions which appear most fully to represent the mind of the author) will be given in the old spelling, punctuation, misprints, &c. The reader will therefore possess the work as originally issued; which, for all purposes of the study of

our language, is highly important." The first issue for sixpence is Milton's "Areopagitica," with illustrative documents, edited, and carefully so, by Edward Arber. This work, containing some of the most eloquent, sound, picturesque, and noble language in the world, may be best characterized by a quotation from its own pages; it is, indeed, "the precious life-blood of a master spirit imbalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life." No true student of the English language should be without it. Mr. Arber need not tell us that the price of his edition is fixed so low as to render the desire of gain an inadequate motive to this endeavour. We only wonder that he can produce so elegant and accurate a copy for the money. Mr. Arber, in common with Mr. Henry Morley, the editor of Sidney's "Arcadia," and one or two other gentlemen, who really love and know English literature, deserves our best thanks, and truly demands our aid and assistance in the task he has set himself.

"R. H.," writing to a literary journal, clearly vindicates Henry Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, from the taint cast upon his birth by Mr. Charles Knight, who, finding him called by Dods-worth a "natural" son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, accepted that epithet in the modern sense, and gave lasting currency to the error in his biography of the poet. But in the Elizabethan age, the term "natural" signified *true, legitimate*, and is so used by Chapman and others.

Agassiz, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Norton, Whipple, and Fields were present at Charles Dickens's first reading in Boston. It seems that the first words of the reading—"Marley was dead to begin with! That was certain!"—settled the question of success. Vociferous cheers, and unmistakably genuine shouts of "Welcome!" greeted "Our Mutual Friend" on his first appearance.

A list of salaries of American editors is published in a Transatlantic paper. If it be correct, newspaper editing must be a profitable profession in the United States. Horace Greeley, it is stated, receives annually \$87,000; W. Cullen Bryant, \$81,000; Frank Leslie, \$91,000; J. Gordon Bennett, who is also a proprietor, \$292,000; and others proportionately large sums.

Messrs. Parker will shortly publish Sir J. T. Coleridge's Memoir of the late Rev. John Keble, and a volume containing "A Selection from the Miscellaneous and Inedited Poems" of the author of "The Christian Year."

Messrs. Routledge still continue issuing their excellent little series of cheap reprints of standard authors. The latest is De Quincey's greatly over-rated "Confessions of an Opium-eater."

We are requested to state that Miss Faithfull is the sole proprietor of the *Victoria Magazine*, which will in future be published to the trade by Mr. Kitto, who recently purchased Mr. Alfred Bennett's retail business in Bishopsgate-street Without.

It is not surprising that, after the publication of Victor Hugo's poem on the battle of Mentana, the performance of the poet's play of "Ruy Blas" should have been interdicted. The following letter has been sent to the Emperor:—"To M. Louis Bonaparte. Sir,—I acknowledge to you the reception of the letter which the director of the Imperial Theatre of the Odéon has written me.—VICTOR HUGO, Hanteville House, Dec. 8, 1867." The prohibition was made on the seventeenth anniversary of the poet's exile, Dec. 2.

Inquiry has very properly been directed as to what has become of the literary remains of the late Rev. John Mitford, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Mitford, as is well known, intended, had he lived, to publish these papers in a volume. Perhaps Mr. Dyce knows something of his deceased friend's writings. The reverend gentleman possessed a rare fund of knowledge on matters connected with old poetry and the drama.

Arrangements have been made with the publishers of *Notes and Queries* by the Department of Science and Art, for the periodical publication in the columns of that journal of "The Universal Art Catalogue." This catalogue, it will be remembered, was, according to the original plan, to be printed in sections as an advertisement in the *Times*; but on the remonstrances of some members of the House of Commons the list suddenly ceased to appear.

A new magazine is to be started, the *London Student*. The publication has been contemplated for some time; and no doubt the university magazines have had something to do with the original conception. The *Scottish Advertiser* also will soon spring into weekly being. It is to advocate the interests of licensed victuallers.

Whatever the merits of the numerous English translations of Dante's "Divine Comedy," it is quite certain that Carey's elegant and lucid blank-verse rendering finds most favour with the public. Messrs. Bell & Daldy have just issued a popular

edition of the work, with all the notes, at a very moderate price.

M. Arminius Vámbéry, the distinguished Hungarian traveller, is preparing a juvenile book, "Adventures in Asia, told for Boys;" and M. de Chaillu has also given his adventures in Africa in the same form.

Professor D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson's "Sales Attici; or, the Maxims, witty and wise, of Athenian Tragic Drama," is now ready.

The Report of the Bible Society states that in sixty years it has distributed 53,000,000 copies of the Scriptures, and expended the sum of £6,000,000. The society does not publish the Apocrypha.

Der Salon is the name of a new German publication, which is to combine the distinctive features of the English magazine and the French *revue*. The staff engaged is very formidable; and the editorial responsibility will be divided between Dr. Julius Rodenberg, of Berlin, and Mr. E. Dohn, the well-known editor of *Kladderadatsch*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alford (Dean), How to Study the New Testament: The Epistles. Part I. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Anderson (Rev. W. H.), In the Snow: Tales of Mont St. Bernard. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Anderson (G.), The Art of Skating. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Annals of Christ's Hospital. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Argosy (The). Vol. for 1867. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Bailey (P. J.), Universal Hymns. Cr. 4to., 5s.
 Baker (Sir W.), The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia. 2nd edit. 8vo., 21s.
 Barrett (W. A.), Flowers and Festivals: Church Decoration. 16mo., 5s.
 Bampffield (Rev. G. F.), Sir Elfric and other Tales. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Book of Songs for the Young, with Music. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Bowdler (Rev. T.), Prayers for Christian Households. New edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Blunt (Rev. J. H.), Key to the Book of Common Prayer. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine. Vol. LVI. 12mo., 6s.
 Brock (Mrs. H. F.), The Bread of God. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Brame (C. M.), Tales from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Burn (R. S.), Modern Farming. 2 vols. Feap., 5s. each.
 Burnell (G. R.), Builders' and Contractors' Price-Book, 1868. 12mo., 4s.
 Camp Fire (The). By the Old Shekarry. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Carpenter (J. E.), The Moral Song Book. Feap., 1s.
 ——— The Religious Song Book. Feap., 1s.
 Cassell's Choral Music. Edited by H. Leslie. Folio, 15s.
 Consoling Thoughts in Sickness. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Churchman's Companion (The). New series. Vol. II. Feap., 4s.
 Clarke (Rev. J. E.), Children at Church. New edit. Two parts. 18mo., 1s. each.
 Dallas (Rev. A.), Story of the Irish Church Missions. Part I. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 De Foe (D.), Robinson Crusoe. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Dick (T.), Christian Philosophy. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Dupanloup (Mr.), Studios Women. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Engineers', Architects', and Contractors' Pocket-book, 1868. 12mo., 6s.
 Eliot (C. W.), and Storer (F. H.), Manual of Inorganic Chemistry. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Every Boy's Book. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Farrago: Stories and Verses. By Mabel and Miriam. Dbl. Feap., 4s.
 Famous Girls who have become Illustrious Women. 4th edit. Feap., 6s.
 Ferguson (James), Life of. By E. Henderson. 8vo., 14s.
 Fox (W. J.), Collected Works. Vols. X. and XI. Cr. 8vo., 5s. each.
 Gaye (S.), Courage and Cowards. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Gissing (T. W.), Materials for a Flora of Wakefield. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Goldsmith (O.), Poetical Works. With Memoir by J. Spalding. New edit. Royal 8vo., 5s.
 Hey (W.), Fifty Tales for Children. Royal 8vo., 4s.
 Howard (J. H.), Gymnasts and Gymnastics. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Hunting Grounds (The) of the Old World. By the Old Shekarry. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Irving (E.), Prophetical Writings. Edited by the Rev. G. Carlyle. Vol. I. 8vo., 15s.
 John Phillips; or, Happy Homes for Working Men. 18mo., 1s.
 Kingston (W. H.), The Pirate's Treasure. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Leech (W.), The Progress of Life: a Poem. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Lessons of Middle Age. By the Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Little Gardeners (The): an Allegory. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Lockwood (H.), Axel and other Poems. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Lushington (Mrs. M.), The School for Donkeys. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Macbeth (A. M.), Memoir of. Feap., 5s.
 McDowall (W.), History of Dumfries. 8vo., 15s.
 Macdonald (G.), Dealings with the Fairies. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Maguire (J. F.), The Irish in America. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Majendie (Captain), Descriptive Treatise on Ammunition. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Mathews (J. H.), Bessie at the Seaside. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Marshall (J.), Outlines of Physiology. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 32s.
 Maud Mainwaring. By C. Griffiths. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. Vol. XXXII. 8vo., 21s.
 Moffatt (W.), Mental Arithmetic. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 ——— (R.), Missionary Labours in Southern Africa. New edit. 8vo., 1s.
 Montgomery (Florence), A Very Simple Story. Cr. 4to., 5s.
 Morris (T.), Clue to Railway Compensation. 2nd edit. Feap., 4s. 6d.
 ——— Discourse on Dilapidation. New edit. Feap., 4s.
 Mystical Woman (The) and the Cities of the Nations. 8vo., 4s.
 Neale (Rev. J. M.), English History for Children. 6th edit. 18mo., 2s.
 Not So Bad: a New Year's Annual. 8vo., 1s.
 Parks (W.), No Uncertain Sound; or, the Gospel of the Grace of God. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Pattison (M.), Suggestions on Academical Organization. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Pirie (Rev. W.), Natural Theology. Feap., 5s.
 Proctor (R. A.), Sun-Views of the Earth. 4to., 6s.
 Record (The) of Zoological Literature. Edited by A. C. Gunther. Vol. III. 8vo., 30s.
 Rivers (T.), The Orchard House. 13th edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Rowley (Rev. H.), Story of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Scott (Sir S. D.), The British Army: its Origin, Progress, and Equipment. 2 vols. 8vo., 42s.
 Skinner (J. E.), Roughing it in Crete. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Spong (Rev. J.), The Hero of the Desert. Cr. 8vo., 4s.
 Statesman's Year Book (The), 1868. By F. Martin. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Symons (G. J.), Rain: How, When, Where, Why is it Measured? Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Tennyson's Enoch Arden: Rendered into Latin by Baron Lyttelton. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Thames (The). Illustrated by Photographs. 3rd series. Cr. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Timbs (J.), Curiosities of London. New edit. 8vo., 21s.
 Tomkins (S.), Woodland and Woodbee: a Tale. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Two Vocations (The); or, the Sisters of Mercy at Home. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Vambéry (A.), Sketches of Central Asia. 8vo., 16s.
 Van Sybel (H.), History of the French Revolution. Vols. I. and II. 8vo., 24s.
 Warden (A. J.), The Linen Trade; Ancient and Modern. 8vo., 12s.
 Warne's Two Annuals. Royal 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Waterhouse (B.), The Artistic Anatomy of Cattle and Sheep. Feap., 1s.
 White (H.), History of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. 8vo., 16s.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. CHATTEBTON.—**THE DOGE OF VENICE:** Mr. Phelps; Messrs. J. C. Cowper, H. Sinclair, E. Phelps, Barrett, Johnstone, Warner, Temple; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and Miss Grattan. **THE LADIES' CLUB:** Messrs. James Shirley, Harfeur, Vandenhoff.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—**OUR AMERICAN COUSIN:** Messrs. Sothorn, Raymond, Chippendale, Braid, Gordon, Rogers, Clark, Coe, &c.; Mesdames Robertson, Burke, Chippendale, Wright, Dalton, &c. After which, **TO PARIS AND BACK FOR FIVE POUNDS:** Mr. Buckstone. Concluding with **A KISS IN THE DARK.**

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—**MAN IS NOT PERFECT, NOR WOMAN NEITHER:** Messrs. G. Belmore, J. G. Taylor, C. H. Stephenson; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Emily Pitt. After which, **MAUD'S PERIL:** Messrs. G. Belmore, Billington, Ashley, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne; Miss Herbert, Miss Amy Sheridan, and Mrs. Billington. And **UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW:** Mr. G. Belmore; Miss E. Pitt.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—**A LITTLE FLIRTATION.** After which, at a quarter to 8, **THE COLLEEN BAWN:** Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Messrs. Dominick Murray, E. Atkins, G. Neville, J. G. Shore, H. Mellon, Gresham; Miss E. Barnett, Mrs. Addie, and Miss Elsworth. To conclude with **NUMBER ONE ROUND THE CORNER.** Doors open at half-past 6; commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER; Manager, Mr. Horace Wigan.—**FROM GRAVE TO GAY:** Messrs. H. Neville, H. Wigan, Addison, and C. Mathews; Mesdames L. Moore and Stirling. **IF I HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR:** Messrs. H. Wigan, Farrell, and C. Mathews; Mesdames L. Moore and St. Henry. **MY WIFE'S BONNET:** Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Soutar, and Miss E. Farren. Commence at 7.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Miss HERBERT.—**IS HE JEALOUS?** Mr. G. Blake; Mesdames Bufton, Cavendish, Kearney. After which at a quarter to 8, **A WIDOW HUNT:** Messrs. John S. Clarke, Irving, Blake; Mesdames Bufton, Larkin, Cavendish, Kearney. To conclude with **FIFTEEN YEARS OF LABOUR LOST.**

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—**NOTHING TO NURSE:** Mr. Thorne; Miss Newton. **KIND TO A FAULT:** Messrs. Parselle, Belford, D. James Turner; Mesdames Johnstone, Gwynne, Hughes. And **WILLIAM TELL WITH A VENGEANCE:** Messrs. James Fenton; Mesdames Holt, Weathersby, &c.

NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.—**HE'S A LUNATIC.** After which **STILL WATERS RUN DEEP:** Messrs. Alfred Wigan, W. H. Stephens, Charles Wyndham, W. M. Terrot, C. Seyton; Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Alfred Wigan. To conclude with **THE FIRST NIGHT.** Achille Talma Dufard, Mr. Alfred Wigan.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—Under the direction of Mr. GERMAN REED.—Offenbach's Operetta, **PUSS IN PETTICOATS.** A new and original Comic Opera, in two acts, **THE CONTRABANDISTA,** by F. C. Burnand; the music by Arthur Sullivan. And Offenbach's **CHING-CHOW-HI.**

PRINCE OF WALES ROYAL THEATRE.—A modern Comedy, in five acts, called **HOW SHE LOVES HIM.** Written by Dion Boucicault, the author of "London Assurance." Principal characters by Messrs. Hare, Blakeley (first appearance in London), H. J. Montague (by permission of Mr. Sefton Parry, first appearance here), Reynolds (by permission of Mr. Vining, first appearance here), Montgomery, and Bancroft; Mesdames Leigh Murray, Lydia Foote, and Maria Wilton.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss M. OLIVER.—F. C. Burnand's new Comedy **HUMBUG:** Messrs. Ray, Dewar, Danvers; Carlotta Addison, Mrs. J. Rouse. **LATEST EDITION OF BLACK-EYED SUSAN:** Messrs. F. Dewar, Danvers; Mesdames Annie Collinson and M. Oliver. And **HIGHLY IMPROBABLE.**

NEW SURREY THEATRE.—Lessees, Messrs. SHEPHERD and CRESWICK.—**THE LADY OF LYONS.** Claude Melnotte, Mr. Creswick. A Miscellaneous Entertainment. Selections from **JULIUS CAESAR.** Conclude with **JANE EYRE:** Messrs. Edgar, A. Nelson, Furtado; Misses Pannecourt, E. Webster; Mrs. Holston.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE and CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena. The Great American Champions of the World.—James Robinson, R. Stickney, G. M. Kelley; Mdle. Chiarini; Conrad Brothers; Hanlon Brothers; the Comic Mules, and the great Indian Entrée, &c.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor Mr. COSTA.—Friday next, December 20th, the **THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE** of Handel's **MESSIAH.** Principal vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. G. Perren and Signor Foli.

The band and chorus, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of, as usual, nearly 700 performers. The **Messiah** will be again performed on Friday, 27th inst. Numbered stalls, 10s. 6d.; numbered gallery, 5s.; area, reserved, 5s.; unreserved, 3s. Tickets now ready at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall.

EXETER HALL.—**CHRISTMAS ORATORIOS.**—**NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.** Conductor Mr. G. W. MARTIN.

EXETER HALL, Christmas Eve.—**MESSIAH.**—Mr. Santley.—National Choral Society.

EXETER HALL, New Year's Day.—**CREATION.**—Mr. Santley.—National Choral Society.

EXETER HALL.—**ELIJAH, January 8.** Mr. Santley.—National Choral Society. The last performance of Elijah this Christmas.

EXETER HALL.—**CHRISTMAS ORATORIOS.**—**TICKETS** at 14, 15, Exeter Hall. First-floor.

EXETER HALL.—**NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.**—Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN.—**MESSIAH, Christmas Eve.** Miss Palmer, Mr. Leigh Wilson, Mr. Santley. Commence at half-past 7. Tickets 2s., 3s.; stalls, numbered and reserved the whole evening, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. **Creation, New Year's Day.** Elijah (the only performance this Christmas), January 8. Mr. Santley is engaged for the above performances, and most of the concerts to be given during the season. Organist, Mr. John G. Boardman. Band and chorus, 700.—Offices, 14, 15, Exeter Hall. First-floor.

CHRISTY MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.—All the Year Round.—Every evening at 8, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8.—Grand inauguration of the winter season.—Entirely **NEW PROGRAMME:** New Songs, new burlesques, new stage appointments, stalls newly carpeted, company increased to 31 performers of known eminence and ability. Fauteuils 5s.; stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets and places at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Keith and Prowse's, 57, Cheapside; and at Mr. Austin's ticket-office, 28, Piccadilly.—Manager, Mr. FREDERICK BURGESS.

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